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GOLDEN-ROD

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Asters and Golden-Rod

And Other Poems

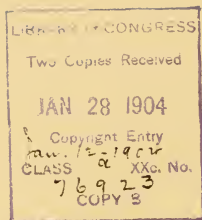
By

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Asters and Golden-Rod

Asters and golden-rod, yellow and blue,
Tulips and violets long ago fled;
Summer with roses and lilies is dead;
Whence, in the year's old age, came you,
In pomp of purple and golden hue?

"Out of the Summer's heart we came,
Born of her lifelong ardor and glow
In the sky above and the ground below;
Her drenching showers and her solar flame;
Till, just as she died, she spoke our name.

"Strangers and exiles in disguise,
Through all the summer we've stood alone,
Our worth unguessed, unprized, and unknown,
Mere rough, rank weeds to men's untaught eyes,
For the world to trample, neglect, despise.

"But patient and silent we grew and grew,
Drinking the noontide's liquid gold,
Drinking the colors the raindrops hold,
The tints that sparkle in morning's dew,
And night's deep azure, when stars shine through.

"We drank till our life could hold no more
The secrets gorging our crystal blood,
The splendors swelling each bursting bud,
Drawn from the deep earth's dazzling store,
Or rainbows bending creation o'er.

"And then in a whisper the Summer said:

 'My lowly children, I die to-day.

 Put on your purple and gold array,
And wave in glory above my head,
Confessed and royal, when I am dead.'

"One glowing kiss, and the Summer died;

 But, thrilled at the touch, and the words she spoke,
 From all our being the splendor broke,
And field and forest and rough roadside
Stood robed in more than imperial pride.

"And that is our story, and whence we came:

 All summer you slighted us, trod us down,
 But we knew in the day of our robe and crown
Men then would prize us, and own our claim,
And boast that all summer they'd known our name."

Asters, purple and blue and white,

 Yellow and orange golden-rod,
 Ah, ye are preachers, prophets of God,
Writing your message in rainbow light,
A revelation in all men's sight.

The humblest creature of mortal mold

 May shine, a spirit of godlike worth
 Whose blooming at last shall illumine the earth
With achievement's purple, or virtue's gold,
When short-lived glories are dead and cold.

The lowliest soul that has caught God's chime,

 Though long enduring the world's disdain,
 And pining in lone heart-hunger and pain,
Yet bearing a prophet's word sublime,
Shall speak at last—and be heard through time.

THE POET'S INSPIRATION

Rational,—mad,—
Mournful,—tho' glad,—
Happy,—yet sad,—
Transported,—elated,—
Heaven-gifted,—but fated,—
Joy and woe
Alternate flow,
Sadly sweet,—sublimely strong,
Through the spirit born for song.

Melancholy,—wild,—
Rapture's lonely child,
From all around exiled,—
A lonely, musing elf,—
Known only to himself,—
Doth he roam
Through fancy's gloam;
On his soul the trances lie
Of a spirit, hovering nigh.

A presence undefined,
Yet real to his mind;
Too subtle and refined
For thought to analyze,
But, by his spirit eyes
Seen, when sense
Lies locked in trance;
And oft unbidden doth it stand,
And felt, though viewless, guides his hand.

It stands before his soul,
And points to fame's bright goal,
And to a flaming scroll;

It breathes a potent spell,
And then his heart doth swell
With fiery thrills
Of joy that fills
His whole, enraptured, kindled frame
With deathless energy and flame.

Then let him wake the lyre,
Whose numbers roll in fire,
And bid the song aspire,
Until the human soul
Is tuned to his control,
And hearts obey
His potent sway,
Ecstatic, lofty, rapt, and pure,
While thought shall live, or soul endure.

LOVE'S PROBLEM

To love, with spotless, vestal flame,
Pure as an incandescent star,—
A soul-fire which no words can name,
A soul-rhythm that can know no jar;—

To walk in that transfiguring light
O'er heights by mortal foot untrod,
And feel within the swelling might
Of inspiration like a god;—

And thus to wait, and work, and climb
In lofty scorn of baser things;
And grow in conscious strength sublime,
Lifted by unseen angels' wings;—

To prove all pure, high love can give
To thrill, illumine, and inspire,—
Wrapt in ethereal airs to live
Consumed with quenchless, fragrant fire;—

To ask,—and be refused, with tears!
To doubt the slow, reluctant “Nay”;—
To still strive on, and hope through years
That yet the “Nay” may change to “Yea”;—

To ask and be denied again,—
Yet with more sorrow than before!—
To drag this ever-lengthening chain
Yet ever love its links the more!

And still the mystery unexplained,—
And still the tangle deeper grown,—
And yet the end no nearer gained
Than in the once bright years, long flown;—

And yet the loved one still unwed,—
Still sailing lonely o’er life’s sea,—
No signal at that ship’s masthead,—
Or, if a signal, still for thee!—

To tack and cross each other’s wake,
To meet in harbors here and there,—
Yet not a light when tempests break,
And no “Ahoy!” when winds are fair!

And yet to know as years go by
That some deep truth still bides untold;—
That, far or near, some mystic tie,
Though ne’er confessed, must ever hold;—

And so, 'mid sun or storm, to sail
Life's various voyage to one far shore;—
To sometimes win, and sometimes fail,
Yet hope at last to fail no more:—

Say, now, ye wise, were such love lost?
Or were such loss e'en more than gain,
If thus the soul, at such keen cost,
Build purity and power from pain?

The love that loves because it loves,
And loves to love for love's own ends,—
Say if not man's high birth it proves,
And with the All-love nearer blends?

For love dwells not in fleshly dust,
She soars and sings where passions pine;
In her high air of heaven's pure trust
She warbles, deathless and divine.

And in some sinless world unknown,
Where earthly ends of love shall cease,
Earth's broken loves, once more made one,
Shall blend, in pure, eternal peace.

REPULSE OF BEN-HADAD

Ben-hadad, king of Syria, with all Damascus' hosts,
With footmen, horsemen, chariots, invaded Israel's
coasts;
With two-and-thirty vassal kings, a long and proud
array,
With pomp of arms, and gorgeous tents, and steeds, and
banners gay.

And swift 'round doomed Samaria the vast incursion
swept,
And every portal, tower, and gate was close besieged
and kept;
And soon to trembling Ahab, the king of Israel's land,
Ben-hadad's haughty heralds brought the robber's fierce
demand:

"Thy silver and thy gold are mine, thy wives and chil-
dren fair,
And all the treasures of thy realm, whate'er is rich and
rare;
To-morrow's sun shall see the sack of proud Samaria's
domes,
Her towers and coffers, stripped and shamed her tem-
ples and her homes.

"So do the gods I worship to me, and more beside,
If hated Shomeron's dust suffice for handfuls for the
pride
Of Syria's mustering myriads, who wait Damascus' nod
To scrape Samaria to bare rock, despite her king and
God."

Then spake Samaria's elders—then spake Samaria's
king:

"Go tell my lord Ben-hadad, I may not yield this
thing;
And say, 'Let him just girding on his armor for the
fray
Not boast like him who puts it off, victorious with the
day.'"

Then, hot with wrath, Ben-hadad: "Ho! storm Sama-
ria's towers!
Draw out Damascus' serried ranks, and all her subject
powers!

On, with ballista, battering ram, and catapult, and
crow!

Some rear the ladders, scale the walls! Some fire the
gates below!

“Forward the whole line! close up files! Nor hesitate,
nor halt!

Archers and slingers clear the walls! Then swords to
the assault!

Damascus, Syria, to the spoil! Yours yon defiant town,
To sack and plunder, ravish, burn, before the sun goes
down!”

Then came God’s prophet, saying to Ahab, where he
stood:

“Thus saith Jehovah, ‘Hast thou seen this raging mul-
titude?

Behold, before this sun shall set, I’ll give them to thine
hand,

That thou and Syria both may know Jehovah rules
this land.

“‘Not by thy veteran warriors, thy knights, and cap-
tains brave,

The chiefs and princes of thy tribes, will I defend and
save;

But by their squires and pages, cooks, footmen, hostlers,
grooms,

With staves and goads and truncheons, spades, cleavers,
pitchforks, brooms!

“‘And thou shalt head the column, and lead the motley
host,—

Jehovah’s satire on man’s pride, his scoff at Syria’s
boast;

His keen rebuke to thee, and all who bow at Baal's
shrine,
Nor know nor own the God of heaven, and he alone,
divine.' ”

Forth marched the humbled monarch, forth marched
his mingled throng
Of serving-men and stableboys to meet the foeman
strong;

Unarmed, untrained, a handful, two hundred thirty-
two,—

All Israel's jealous veterans with envious eyes to view!

No banners waved about them, no heraldries, no blare
Of trumpets echoed as they went, to din the noontide
air;

Each with the garb and weapon that marked his daily
toil,

But all with youth's devotion fired, the foes of God to
foil.

Loud rose the sound of revel in mad Ben-hadad's tent,
Where king and chief war's solemn morn in drunken
wassail spent;

“Lo! a strange squad from Shomeron's gate comes
forth!”—the watchman called;

“For peace or war take them alive!”—the maudlin
braggart bawled.

But lo! with sudden impulse those straggling columns
form,

And charge Damascus' mail-clad guards resistless as
the storm!

The breath of God is on them! His might in every
blow!

With souls ablaze each onset lays a score of Syrians
low!

In vain the call to rally, in vain the bugle's sound,
Surprise, amazement, and dismay the foes of God con-
found!

In vain the trumpets thunder! in vain the captains
shout!—

With staff and truncheon dealing death, and sword and
spear in rout!

Then awe, and fear, and terror ran through the robber
horde,

The cowardice of conscious guilt, the terror of the
Lord!

A panic from Jehovah on prince, and king, and slave,—
As chaff before the tempest swept to slaughter and the
grave!

And Israel's harnessed cohorts, their jealous anger fled,
Descend like whirlwinds on the foe, and pile the plain
with dead;

Till footmen, horsemen, chariots, rolled in a sea of
gore,

With heaps of spoil, strew Israel's soil, to Jordan's far-
off shore!

Damascus' dire invasion, at which the morn turned
pale,

At eve is chased and scattered like leaves before the
gale!

God's ragamuffin army, that marched 'mid scoffs and
jeers,

Are hailed their country's saviors, with glory and with
cheers.

O Thou whose ways and wisdom our human thought
transcend,

High as the heavens above the earth their azure arches
bend,
Help us to learn how Heaven's fine scorn mocks mortal
vanity,
And flails the mountain with the worm, the worm that
sides with Thee.

Help us to learn when leaders, who should be brave and
just,
Are base, and pusillanimous, and palter with their
trust,
'Tis then the Sovereign People with breath divine are
stirred;
Vox populi, vox Dei, is then salvation's word.

Help us to learn how untaught youth, in humblest,
lowliest place,
If faithful still, may do God's will beyond all lordly
grace;
But he who boasts, and not in God, before the fight is
won,
May flee in shame no tongue can name, long ere the
day is done.

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS

Hark! the bells of Christmas ringing!
All abroad their echoes flinging!
Wider still and wider winging
On the waste of wintry air—
On their solemn, swift vibrations,
Rapture, rapture through the nations!
Rapture, till their glad pulsations
Million blissful bosoms share!

Every bell to every hammer
Answers with a joyous clamor—
Answers, till from out the glamour
 Of the ages far and dim,
Till from Bethlehem's stable lowly,
Fair as moonrise, opening slowly,
Streams of radiance pure and holy
 Down the brightening centuries swim.

Then the bells ring fine and tender;
And from out that far-off splendor,
Veiled in light no dreams could lend her,
 Lo, the virgin mother mild,
Pale from guiltless pain unspoken,
Calm in faith's deep trust unbroken,
Bright with heaven's unconscious token,
 Bends above her wondrous child!

Still the bells ring, softly, sweetly,
Mingling all their chimes so meetly,
Trancing all my soul completely,
 Till the rosy clouds divide;
And o'er Bethlehem's mountains hoary
Bursts a strange celestial glory,
Swells a sweet, seraphic story,
 Trembling o'er the pastures wide!

Glory! glory! God, descending,
Weds with man in bliss unending!
Hark! th' ecstatic choirs attending
 Smite their lyres with tempest sound!
Shout! Old Discord's reign is riven!
Peace on earth! good-will is given!
Shout the joy through highest heaven!
 Make the crystal spheres resound!

Earth's sad wails of woe and wrangling,—
Like wild bells in night-storms jangling,
Now their jarring tones untangling

 In some deep, harmonious rhyme,—
Touched by Love's own hand supernal,
Hush their dissonance infernal,
Catch the rhythmic march eternal,
 Throbbing through the pulse of time.

Lo, the babe, where, glad, they found him,
By the chrismal light that crowned him!
See the shaggy shepherds round him,

 Round his manger, kneeling low!
See the star-led Magi speeding,
Priest and scribe the record reading,
Craft and hate each omen heeding,
 Brooding swift the direful blow!

Vain the wrath of kings conspiring;
Vain the malice demons firing;
On the nations, long desiring,

 Lo, at last, the Day-star shines!
Earth shall bless the hour that bore him;
Unborn empires fall before him,
Unknown climes and tribes adore him
 In ten thousand tongues and shrines.

Hark! the Christmas bells, resounding,
Earth's old jargon all confounding!
Round the world their tumult, bounding,

 Spreads Immanuel's matchless fame!
Million hands their offerings bringing,
Million hearts around him clinging,
Million tongues hosanna singing,
 Swell the honors of his name!

Crown him, monarchs, seers, and sages!
Crown him, bards, in deathless pages!
Crown him King of all the ages!

Let the mighty anthem rise!
Hark! the crash of tuneful noises!
Hark! the children's thrilling voices!
Hark! the world in song rejoices,
Till the chorus shakes the skies!

Living Christ, o'er sin victorious,
Dying Lamb, all-meritorious,
Rising God, forever glorious,
Take our songs and hearts, we pray.
May we, thee by faith descrying,
On thy death for life relying,
Rise to rapture never-dying,
Rise with thee, in endless day.

THE CHARGE OF THE FIFTY-FOURTH

All day on Wagner's ramparts fell
The tempest of our shot and shell
From iron towers of iron ships,
From many a mortar's flaming lips,
From ponderous guns, on sea and land,
Till Wagner lay a heap of sand.

But still, 'mid evening's shades and dew,
The traitor's standard flaunting flew;
His cannon all that day had slept,
And still their ominous silence kept,
And stillness fell at eve again
O'er friend and foe, o'er earth and main.

Then came the order: "Arm and form!"
"Assault the earthwork!" "Charge and storm!"

And soon a bold and valiant band
Sped swift along the silent strand;
And in the van, though worn and spent,
Marched proudly the Black Regiment.

But as they trod the gloom profound
The wary foemen caught the sound,
And all their pent and plotted ire
Burst instant in a storm of fire,
And down that shore the grape and shell
Swept like an avalanche from hell.

But on, with hearts that knew no fear,
With many a shout and ringing cheer,
On through that howling blast of death
That thinned their ranks at every breath
They rushed: O it was grand to see
What men could do that dared be free!

"Forward, brave boys! Charge! Double-quick!"
The leaden shower fell fast and thick;
But through that dark and deadly rain
The ditch they clear, the glacis gain,
And, rampart, bastion, bulwark o'er,
Down, down into the fort they pour!

Now let the tyrant master know
That Freedom smites in every blow,
And never to the cowhide's reign
Shall Freedom's children cower again;
For God hath heard their cry of woe,
And answered, "*Let my people go!*"

Now man with man, and life for life,
Darkly they close in dubious strife;
And bayonets cross, and sabers clash,
And rifles ring, and pistols flash,

And ranks meet ranks with mangling shock,
Like wave with wave, or rock with rock.

In vain the strife; the foe is brave,
And knows defeat is treason's grave:
In vain, for he who aid should send
Is freedom's foe and treason's friend;
And vows he'd rather lose than win
With men who wear the swarthy skin.

Outnumbered, unsustained, betrayed
By those for whom they've bled and prayed,
Back from its almost conquering toil
Must the Black Regiment recoil?
O shame! It must; an hour has fled,
And Shaw and half his band are dead.

Down from the slippery parapet,
With blood of heroes warm and wet,
With lingering, sad, reluctant look
His flag the sable sergeant took,
And while the shattered band recoiled
He saved the glorious stars, unsoiled.

While one hand stanch'd a ghastly wound
He crawled along the blood-stained ground,
And, through the dying and the dead,
The starry flag still o'er him spread,
Just as his failing strength was spent,
He reached the surgeon's crowded tent.

But when the glorious flag they saw
Thus rescued, from their beds of straw
The wounded heroes, black and white,
Leaped in a transport of delight,
And cheered him, and the charge he bore,
Till weary lungs could shout no more.

They cheered till, mingling with their cheers,
Their cheeks were wet with joyful tears;
"I only did my duty, boys,"
Replied the hero of their joys,
As still he pressed his gaping wound,
"The dear old flag ne'er touched the ground!"

The "dear old flag!" Its stripes alone
He or his race could call their own;
Till, bursting through oppression's bars,
They earned in blood its glorious stars,
By daring gloriously to die,
And only asking liberty.

"Only my duty!" Grand old State,
Mother of heroes, always great,
Which of thy sons renowned of yore,
Or which now living has done more?
Write then brave Carney's honored name
High on thy roll of noblest fame.

"Only my duty!" Let it ring
Where'er that flag its folds shall fling!
The "dear old flag" shall dearer be
When man where'er it flies is free;
For Slavery and Rebellion then
Shall fill one common grave. *Amen.*

TIME TO PRAY

While the glory-mantled Sun
Mounts in brightness on his way,
Ere his journey is begun,
Wake thy soul, and kneel and pray.

When the hush of summer noon
Scarcely stirs an aspen spray,
In that deep delicious swoon
Lift thy silent soul, and pray.

When from out the burning west
Twilight's lingering blushes stray
O'er the ocean's level breast,
Think of love and heaven, and pray.

In all seasons, sorrows, care,
Stormiest night or sunniest day,
Every hue thy life may wear,
Calm thy soul in God, and pray.

O SOUL BY SORROW SHAKEN

O soul by sorrow shaken,
God is thy spirit's strength;
Thou shalt not be forsaken,
God shall make known, at length,
The wisdom of his dealing;
And glory of his might;
Though now thy path concealing,
And mantling thee in night.

Hold on, by faith unyielding,
God cannot let thee fall;
His hand thy head is shielding,
His goodness orders all;
And through the gloom around thee,
Shall sunlight sometime pour;—
This storm shall not confound thee,
But drive thee nearer shore.

Repose, in calm confiding,
On God's almighty arm;
While in his love abiding,
No storm shall do thee harm;
God rules in earth and heaven,
With universal sway;
And hath this promise given,
Thy strength shall suit thy day.

O, learn to smile at danger,
And meet the shocks of time
In all thy spirit's grandeur,
Immortal, calm, sublime;
Strong on the Rock of Ages,
Serene above the strife;
High o'er where tempest rages
Spring toward thy endless life.

THE RAIN

Solemnly, ceaselessly, falleth the rain—
On the far mountain, the forest, the plain;
Thoughtfully, sadly, descending, it seems
Wrapping my spirit in mystical dreams.

Solemnly, ceaselessly, falleth the rain—
Over the continent, over the main;
Gloomily, slowly, the dun vapors roll,
Pensiveness silently steals o'er my soul.

Solemnly, ceaselessly, falleth the rain—
Voices on low winds of autumn complain,
Breath of Æolus awakens the strings—
Thrills my still heart to the music he brings.

Solemnly, ceaselessly, falleth the rain—
Nevermore, nevermore, never again,
This moment, that speeds, like that drop from the
sky,
Returns, while earth's moments and ages float by.

Solemnly, ceaselessly, falleth the rain—
Long-buried memories, long-buried pain,
Long-buried feelings, and scenes long forgot,
Gather once more in the chambers of thought.

Solemnly, ceaselessly, falleth the rain—
Only while falling, its form can remain;
Only while fading, man's glory is known,
Oblivion claims e'en his monument-stone.

Solemnly, ceaselessly, falleth the rain—
Hasten these rain-drops the ocean to gain;
Hastens man's life toward an infinite sea,
Where limitless boundlessness, only, shall be.

Solemnly, ceaselessly, falleth the rain—
The pyramids crumble, earth's grandeur must wane;
But the Pulse of the Universe beateth as strong,
And the stars of the morning still whisper their song.

MY MOTHER'S LANTERN

My mother's lantern! There it hangs against my study
wall,
Among my relics, trophies, spoils, most priceless of
them all;
With crystal globe of polished glass, and metals clean
and bright,
With well-filled font, and well-trimmed wick, all ready
for a light.

She left it thus the day she died, fit type of her own
soul,
Ready, like those wise virgins' lamps, while slumber
o'er them stole,
Ready to hear the midnight cry—which came to her at
morn—
“Behold, the Bridegroom comes to wed the Church of
the firstborn!”

A common lantern, plain and strong, light, service, all
its aim;
To guide the traveler by night with clear and steady
flame;
And weekly to the house of prayer my mother's steps
it led,
Where heavenly light and heavenly love her soul
illumed and fed.

So, through long years of widowhood, she walked alone
with God,
The God of him who, in his prime, with her life's path-
way trod;
In loved communion with the lost, though lost, yet ever
nigh,
She walked by lantern-light on earth to meet him in
the sky.

And sister souls she helped and cheered on mercy's
errands sweet,
And led the wanderers back to peace with penitential
feet;
And trimmed her lantern bright and clear, to serve
another night,
But left it—called to walk and work in everlasting
light.

And so I prize that lantern, rich in memories untold!
Its glass is more than diamond, its metal more than
gold!
For when its beams my footsteps guide, my mother
leads the way,
And points to worlds where earthly night is lost in
heavenly day.

OVER THE FALLS

When earth in the fetters of winter lies frozen,—
The rivers like marble 'neath frost's iron law,—
Then oft comes the season by great Nature chosen,
To break from her thralldom and thrill with a thaw.
The keen, biting blasts by the south wind are scattered,
The snow-mountains vanish like sorcerers' halls,
The ice by the freshet is riven and shattered,
And booming and crashing goes over the falls!

The river, unfettered, sweeps free to the ocean,
With deepening current, majestic and strong;
Now rushing and plunging with cataract motion,
Now lingering in eddies, or rippling in song:
And the soul, and the church, in like emancipation,
Shall burst from the bondage that chills and en-
thralls,
And bound on their way, singing songs of salvation,
Till the hardest ice melts and goes over the falls!

O pastors, discouraged in frozen-up churches,—
Believers, distressed for your world-benumbed
souls,—
Spring wakes into beauty the arctic dwarf birches,
And darts light and life to the ice-girdled poles:

And so, in the day of God's blest visitation,
Though coldness now fetters, and deadness appalls,
The faithful shall stand, singing songs of salvation,
And see the last ice dashing over the falls!

No ax, maul, or cannon can break up a winter,
In nature or grace, and bring summer again;
No dynamite cartridge such icebergs can splinter,—
But sunshine can turn them to rivers, and rain:
And so in soul-midwinter's bleak desolations,
'Mid darkness and doubt like despair's dungeon walls,
We'll pray for a south wind to waft us salvation,
And soon see the ice-floes crash over the falls.

THE AUTUMNAL EQUINOX

'Tis the Autumnal Equinox.
On emerald turf, 'mid wave-worn rocks,
Beneath a giant sycamore
On this green island's sea-girt shore,
I lie, this calm September day,
And muse a pensive hour away.

Above me, in cool arbors hid,
Trills high and sharp the katydid,
Below, the cricket in the grass
Chirps gaily, as the bright hours pass.
The droning bee, with deep bassoon,
Hums bass to all the insect tune;
And singing things, of names unknown,
Play fife, triangle, and trombone.

Marsh-mallow and wild sunflower large
Illume the tide-land's higher marge.
The tall Vernonia's Tyrian hue
Shelters the gentian's chalice blue.

The purple eupatorium towers
Above the chicory's azure flowers.
The great pink thistle's prickly ball
Vies with the wild rose, praised by all;
And golden-rod and asters fair
Are waving, nodding, everywhere.

O'er bending orchard, drooping vine,
Pomona's ruby treasures shine,
Though still the forest leaves hang green
As in July's luxuriant sheen;
And chestnut burr and hickory shuck
Await the frost-sprite's opening pluck;
And green persimmon, thorn, and haw
Obey the same frost-chemic law.

The wild, shy people of the groves
Are done with spring-time's songs and loves.
The partridge hides her half-grown brood
In the thick hazel's solitude;
Among the corn-shocks run the quails;
Along the marshes flit the rails;
And garrulous jay and quavering thrush
Scarce wake the woodside's dreamy hush.

The squirrel chatters from his limb;
The rabbit peeps from coverts dim;
The woodchuck basks beside his hole;
The merry chipmuck, mouse, and mole,
And e'en the harmless meadow snake,
Preach thanks for all the good they take.

The tide is low, and on the sand
The sea birds wade along the strand.
The mossy rocks bright ripples lave,
The sunshine glitters on the wave,

And farther out the porpoise rolls
And gambols, in his uncouth shoals.

The sea-gull's glistening silver flings
The sunbeam from his tireless wings.
The shrill kingfisher whirrs and dives
To snatch the spoils by which he thrives;
And the great osprey o'er the bay
Drops like a plummet on his prey;
Then, while his talons grasp their prize,
He oars his way through far-off skies.

A wondrous veil of purple haze
Tempers the sun's still ardent blaze,
And weaves o'er land and shimmering sea
Its gauzy web of mystery,
Changing the Summer's fiery gleam
To Autumn's witchery and dream:—
The dream that 'neath these forms there lies
Another world, to spiritual eyes;
And souls, though dull sense intervenes,
Can almost view those mystic scenes;—
Can feel the brush of unseen wings,
And read the life of thoughts and things.

The sweet south wind of afternoon
Breathes balmy as an air of June,
And murmurs low through copse and tree
Its message from infinity,
All listening souls to thrill and swell
With thoughts no mortal speech can tell.

The painted shallops come and go
Like graceful swans, with wings of snow;
And many a skiff, with flashing oars,
Darts in and out along the shores:

The towering ships, with white-cloud sails,
Sweep by, majestic, on the gales;
And mighty steamers stem the sound,
To many a wealthy harbor bound.

Eastward, across the white-capped sound,
Long Island's bluffs stand guardians 'round.
And now they loom through magic mist,
Headlands of gold and amethyst;
And sun-bathed rocks and islets stand
As stepping-stones to' enchanted land.

These massive ledges, scarped and planed,
With molten serpents seamed and veined;—
These mighty boulders, huge and round,
Of stubborn granite, smoothed and ground;—
They tell a tale that awes the mind,
Of ice-cap's march, and glacier's grind,—
Forces unmeasured, eons flown,—
When these, like autumn leaves, were strown
Where now they rest;—like travelers old
Who doubt the tales themselves have told.

The sun goes down. His glowing wheel,
Round as a mighty garnet seal,
One moment hangs, cut half in twain,
Above the forest-girdled main,
Tipping with clear and ruddy fire
The wind-vane on yon village spire;
Then shoots a last keen, sparkling ray,
The Parthian arrow of the day,
That parts the drapery of the West,
In saffron and carnation drest,
And flashing through the dusk afar
Strikes fire against the evening star,

What time the harvest moon's broad shield
Mounts, argent on an azure field.

Such is the hour when summer dies,
Ere Autumn's dirge-like gales arise;
Ere biting frost, and sad, long rain
Mantle in mourning hill and plain;
And the spoiled honors of the wood
Strew with their pallors field and flood,
And forests sere, and cold, gray sea,
Herald the Winter soon to be.

Such are the well-earned joys that blend
To crown the ripe year, ere its end;
Nature's repose from pangs of birth,
The sabbath of a zone of earth;
Strength, fullness, and maturity,
The glory of all things that be.

Such the strong calm of mortal life,
Well-won by victory in the strife;
Manhood and womanhood unspent,
Life's beauty, power, and wisdom blent,
Untouched by frost, unbowed by time,
Earth's climax, strong, serene, sublime.

But ah! these planets in their chase
Tire not in their eternal race!
The equal day of halcyon calm,
The equal night for slumber's balm,
Are but the old Earth's dream divine
While the sun slips across "the line,"
Ere shortening day and lengthening night
Attest another summer's flight.

But glorious Autumn, in her turn,
While the year's embers glow, shall burn

With nameless splendors on our eyes,
As glows the dolphin while he dies;—
Dying, yet mantling half the globe
In more than Rome's imperial robe,
And more than Cræsus' sumless hoard
To cheer and bless the world outpoured;—
Dying in goodness strong and brave,
As heroes die, to bless and save.

So man should die, in ripened worth,
But die for nobler, deathless birth.
Though winter, stern and drear, must fall,
And ice and snow be Nature's pall,
Yet Spring and Resurrection wait,
And Death is not man's final fate.
For Life shall burst Death's stony latch,
And seeds shall sprout, and eggs shall hatch,
And all the wintry, iron earth
Shall teem once more with myriad birth,
And frozen flood and frosty air
Shall flash with beauty swift and rare.

Not cosmic frost, nor cosmic fire,
Are e'er Life's source or funeral pyre.
From being's far-off Fountain-Force
It takes its deathless, endless course.
Ashes of stars and cold of space
Alike its sacred germs still grace.
Deluge, combustion, cataclysm,
But pour afresh its vital chrism.
And still the long succession climbs,
Refines, ennobles, mounts, sublimes,
Till what through dateless species ran
The individual grasps, in Man,
And o'er Destruction's power, despised,
He soars, the Phoenix realized.

And so man's earth-old sepulcher
Shall one day throb with vital stir,
And like a chrysalis on wing
The thrice-born man from dust shall spring.
Life's tides shall turn from ebb to flow
On shores no mortal barque may know,
Where moons nor tides shall ebb nor wane,
Nor suns e'er set, but summer reign,
With all her voiceless prophecies
Fulfilled in frostless realms of bliss:
For all Life's forms, in earth or sky,
Foreshadow Immortality.

IN MY DREAM

Last night I languished on my bed,
In some sleep-vexing pain,
When suddenly a long-loved form
Stood in my sight again;
And she who said me "Nay" in youth
Now smiled in love supreme,
As, with a saint's calm face, she stooped
And kissed me, in my dream.

No word she spake. One clear, sweet glance
Beamed from transfigured eyes,
That, through the waste of absent years,
Scarce moved me with surprise.
My faith, despite the "Nay" of old,
Was answered, in that gleam,
As once she gazed, and once she stooped,
And kissed me, in my dream.

I woke. My room was heaven's gate,
Like Beth-el's field, of yore,

When he who bivouacked there beheld
God's stairway, Eden's door.
God's smile had melted through my night,
As erst in that soft beam
When angels came, as she to me,
And blessed the slumberer's dream.

I'm young no more. A veteran bronzed,
Amid life's wars I stand,
And strive to do an earnest part
With honest, manly hand.
But gladder, stronger, purer too,
Are heart and life, I deem,
Because the girl I loved in youth
Once kissed me, though in dream.

OUR YEARS OF LIFE

Our years of life, our years of life, ah me, how swift
they fly!
Nor toil, nor care, nor grief, nor joy, can stay them,
hurrying by;
As clouds before the summer wind, as waves along the
sea,
So life's short years of smiles and tears sweep to
eternity.

Last year I looked along the past with heartache and
with shame,
For all the years of emptiness when life was but the
name;
I saw its vanity in spring, its summer's fruitless show,
And 'round my way already heard sad winds of autumn
blow.

I saw my strong and high resolves, my hopes that
burned like flame,
Dragged down to weakness that I scorned, so paltry,
poor, and tame;
That nameless dream that fired my soul and lit me like
a star,
Alas! how dim through mists it shone, how rayless and
how far.

That life I vowed, unheard by man, should soar so fair
and grand
That, like the sun, its beams should bless and brighten
every land,
O God, I wept, and weep again, I dreamed it might be
mine,
And held my dewdrop forth to flash white seas of day
divine!

O fool! O child! in pain I cry; all lights but hide the
sun,
And streak with shade those prismatic tides that through
creation run.
Drink! drink the sun! and then, though frail and
trembling like the dew,
Thy trembling shall but more reveal the God-light leap-
ing through!

“It might have been!” What might have been? And
is it yet too late
To work for good? to work for God? or ask his will, and
wait?
Then working most, perchance, when least in my own
strength is done;
For what avails the tempest’s toil, to match the silent
sun?

For what is youth but guileless truth and glowing hope
and love?

These grace and warm each seraph form that floats in
light above.

If these be mine, O Thou divine, through all earth's
warring din,

My heart, like gold, shall ne'er grow old, nor scarred
with strife and sin.

O years of life, O years of life, roll on your squadrons
dark.

My heart like rock shall stand your shock; your surge
shall lift my ark.

O'er waves beneath or cloud above my soul shall sail or
soar,

On eagle's wing exulting sing, and steer for heaven's
bright shore.

O years of life, I hail your strife, I shout amid your
storm,

For o'er life's sea walks forth toward me a bright su-
pernal form!

And lo! where lifts through golden rifts a headland far
and white,

That looms alone through calms unknown, and props a
sphere of light!

CHANGED

It was not joy, it was not woe,

It was not hope, it was not fear,

That dried the fount of every tear,

And streaked these raven locks with snow.

It was not grief, nor care, nor pain,

Nor summer sun, nor winter rain,

Nor hardship, accident, or toil,

On natal shores nor stranger soil,

Nor slow disease, nor fortune's stroke
That falls like thunder on the oak,
Nor slander's tongue, nor malice' dart,
Nor cruel foes, nor friends grown cold,
That made me, in life's morning, old,
And bent my form, and broke my heart.
All these I've bravely borne, and long,
With steadfast soul, serene and strong.

But when I knew that thou wert changed,
The sunshine withered from the skies,
A mist crept chill before my eyes,
And man and nature were estranged:
A light went out on stream and hill,
And all my heart grew faint and still.
It came not as the whirlwinds come,
That snatch the sun with instant gloom;
It came not like the Alpine storm,
Whitening the vale where spring was warm;
It came not as when instant woe
Drowns all the soul with whelming flow;
It was not swift, nor wild, nor mad,
But oh—so sure—so slow—so sad.

It was as when the summer dies,
When all its golden sunshine fades,
And something grieves through all the glades,
And something mourns through all the skies,
While yet we cannot bear to know
That frost is near, and chilling snow.

Oh, 'tis a voiceless, nameless thing,
The feeling that such omens bring;
When Hope and Judgment are not friends,
And prescient fear with rapture blends.

It is not joy, it is not woe,
It hath no language and no sign
To tell the restless, ceaseless pine
That wastes the sweetness of life's flow.
But when conviction, shunned so long,
In spite of hope and prayer grows strong,
Until we feel its gradual power
Colder and deadlier every hour,
And the heart sinks in soundless deeps,
Crushed by a sorrow that it keeps
From the sealed lips, that may not tell
What blight, what death beneath them dwell,
Oh, this, if such has been, or be,
This voiceless thing is agony.

It is not long that mortal heart
Can suffer life's severest smart;
But oh, there is a state more dread
Than when the heart can bleed and quiver,
And shudder still with icy shiver,—
The heart, though beating, may be dead.
But all is o'er. I give thee back
Those vows, to which the angels listened,
And could I find that tear which glistened
In rapture down its rosy track,
I would restore it, with the kiss
That drank it, in that hour of bliss.

And now—God bless thee! May the sun
Shine always brightest where thou strayest,
And swiftest angels from the throne,
Bring sweetest answers, when thou prayest.
Life is not what it was, to me,
And it can never be again,
Yet it can hardly bring more pain,
And I have long forgiven thee.

Forgiven thee! Nay, nay, Dear Heart,
But him who tore our souls apart,
And chained and chilled thy clinging trust,
Till love lay lifeless in the dust—
My heart stands still, my eyes grow dim—
I have, I have forgiven him!
I go, to wander through the years
Whose light and hope are flown;
Yet one sweet thought sustains and cheers—
I walk not on alone;
For He who knows our frame, in love,
Is leading both toward light, above.

TO MY AFFIANCED

O loved beyond all word or thought!
Beyond all dream or utterance dear!
Thy soul, with nameless sweetness fraught,
Breathes round me like a fragrant sphere.

O living heart! O eyes of light!
O soul of spotless flame unknown!
O form seraphically bright!
This hour shall make ye all my own.

My own! O bliss too deep, too high,
Too rich for heart so poor and cold!
My own! it lifts me to the sky,
In sweet victorious joy untold.

My own! O yes, and I am thine,
Thine utterly; and both are His
Whose name is Love, whose love divine
Creates and crowns his children's bliss.

We bless his name; we trust his will;
Though clouds have lowered above us long,

His sunshine now our hearts shall thrill,
When storms have proved us true and strong.

We bless his name; we trust his will
And though we may not see before,
We trust, and love, and follow still,
Loving each other yet the more.

In soul and love already one,
We live one spiritual life;
And, ere the holy rite is done,
In thought I claim and call thee wife.

God bless thee! O unspeakably
His life and love to both are given!
And all I want is God and thee,
And both, in him, are bliss, are heaven.

SUMMERING AT HOME

On my own bench, 'neath my own dooryard tree,
On this green hill I spend the summer day:
Below me slopes a smooth and path-crossed lea,
Where village boys at cool of evening play.
Beyond it runs the fire-steed's steel-tracked way,
Whose rushing trains reach many a far-off land;
And next a giant factory's tall towers stand;
Then fair, bright homes, where'er the eye can stray;
A placid lake; a rim of circling hills,
Whose woods, and rocks, and precipices gray
Bound the broad valley, which the town scarce fills,
And prop the skies, that seem not far away;
And four trim churches rise, where soft shades fall—
My own tall spire white-gleaming o'er them all.

And here, with studious book, or pensive pen,
In peace I pass midsummer's sultry hours;
Or climb the cliffs, or search the deep, cool glen;
Or pore on trees and herbs; or tend my flowers;
Or romp with village maids in shady bowers;
Or court the muses—far more coy than they!—
Or roam the meadows, sweet with new-made hay;
Or watch the wide, black wings of thunder showers.
I drink, through all, the strength of Nature's powers,
Through all the Over-Nature speaks to me,
And every sense with new sensation dowers,
The Infinite through finite forms to see;
To catch the rhythmic throb of one great soul
That thrills this conscious globe from pole to pole.

Why should I sigh, where Fashion's votaries throng,
To join the thoughtless multitudes who seek
Some new excitement, some new dance or song,
Some languid smile from Beauty's painted cheek?
Nay, let me see home faces, pure and meek,
Whose loving looks could waken gleams from stones;
And hear, in quiet, still, small voices speak
Eternal Nature's solemn undertones.
Ah! what for loss of these could e'er repay?
What need I travel the wide world to view?
Each morning brings me all its tale anew,
A planet's history written day by day.
I'll read it here, beneath my own green trees,
Lulled by the rustle of the summer breeze.

Here, with choice books, and with a few choice friends,
Amid my peaceful, loyal, loving flock,
I'll seek the stream where every virtue blends,
The Fount that gushes from th' Eternal Rock.
No rude alarms this calm retreat shall shock,

No feverish cares, no worldly stress or strain;
Earth's sirens all shall sing their songs in vain,
 And pleasures vainly lure, that lure to mock.
And so my summer all too swift shall pass,
 And June o'ertake September in its flight;
As sheen and shadow, o'er the checkered grass,
 Trace with long bars the change from morn to night;
And when, at last, life's summers all are done,
Let my last gaze see autumn's golden sun.

OUR MEADOW BROOK

There's a brook in our meadow at home,
 Afar by the shadowy woods,
Where often enraptured I roam,
 And muse, in my loneliest moods,
 In my raptest and loneliest moods.

The sands that it laves are as bright
 As the sands of the streams of old song;
And as soft, and as swift, is the light
 That gleams where it glances along,
 Where it glitters and glances along.

And low, like the anthems of dreams,
 Its glad waters sing as they roll,
Like the murmur of musical streams
 That flow through the land of the soul,
 Through the legended land of the soul.

I have dreamed by its musical flow,
 And my spirit has drank of its lore,
Till it haunts me wherever I go,
 Stealing on through my soul evermore,
 Through my listening soul evermore.

ROCK RIMMON

Rock Rimmon rears his granite brow
Above his woods of oak and pine,
Gray warder of the vale below
Where Naugatuck's wide waters shine.

Scalped by the ancient ice-cap's grind,
Furrowed and scathed by fire and frost,
His lonely sternness awes the mind,—
His age—in dateless eons lost.

Soft on his head lie wintry snows,
Or summer sunset's rosy kiss;
And many a glittering garnet glows
Within his mossy crevices.

And poets climb his haunted ways,
And painters sketch his rugged form,
But neither mortal plaint nor praise
His heart of rock shall ever warm.

He saw the red man come and go,
Like nameless races gone before;
And he may tower unmoved when, lo,
The white man's triumphs are no more!

O steadfast crag, thy strong repose
Through storm or calm, shall strengthen me;
When winter's tempest round me blows
I'll stand unshaken, firm, like thee.

And when fair Fortune's sunshine beams,
And Favor breathes her breath of balm,
Serene I'll take the good that seems,
And still, like thee, be strong and calm.

AUTUMN WITCHERY

There's a rustle in the corn,
In the still October morn;
There's a pattering of acorns on the leaves;
When the soft and dreamy haze
Veils the meditative days
With the witchery that golden autumn weaves.

Let me ramble out of doors;
Let me muse along the shores;
Let me clamber through the wild and rocky glen;
Let me dream beside the brook;
In its shyest, wildest nook;
Anywhere, anywhere away from men.

With my stout staff in my hand,
Like an old enchanter's wand,
Heavy-booted, clad in garb of russet brown,
Then I hie me to the woods,
Or I roam beside the floods,
Or I climb the hills that overtop the town.

There are voices that I know,
When the zephyrs whisper low
Through the thickets where the yellow sunshine gleams;
And the talking of the trees
Sets my troubled heart at ease,
As they answer to the murmur of the streams.

Thrush and robin fear me not;
And the marmot from his grot,
Squirrel, rabbit, nod their greetings as I pass;
And the wise old sentry crow
Caws his password as I go,
And the chipmuck blinks and chirrups in the grass.

Every shrub and every tree
Sings its monody for me,
For I know them all, by nature and by name;
And I know the day and hour
When, at autumn's wizard power,
All the maples, oaks, and sumachs burst in flame.

And I hear them all the day,
Calling, calling me away
From my books, the prophets, poets on my shelves;
To the satyrs and the fauns
On the leaf-besprinkled lawns,
To the dryads and the oreads and elves.

From the present and the past,
From the humble and the vast,
Every wave that overflows creation's shore,
From the day-flies' dizzy dance,
From the infinite expanse,
Comes an undertone, a language, and a lore.

THE OSPREY

The Osprey wheels his airy spires
Above the craggy highlands,
And darts his eyes, like diamond fires,
O'er coves and coasts and islands.
He shaves the deep on level wing;
He skims o'er bluff and billow;
The winds and waves his anthem sing;
The pine-top rocks his pillow.

From this bold cliff, whose beetling brow
O'erlooks both bay and ocean,
I watch his flight, above, below,
His majesty of motion.

A tufted cedar o'er me sighs;
Below the surf is wailing;
But high o'er all the Osprey flies,
In widening circles sailing.

Up windy stairs he mounts on high,
And dwindles to a sparrow;
Then drops from out the cloven sky,
A living, rushing arrow.
His rending talons snatch the prey
Beneath the waves' dominion;
He whips the white caps into spray;
Then soars on struggling pinion.

He shakes the drops, a sparkling shower,
His laboring plumes to lighten;
His crooked fangs with deadlier power
To pierce their victim tighten;
On airy tides he oars along,
O'er flood and field and meadow;
His true heart bears him swift and strong,
To yon dark oak's deep shadow.

'Tis there his mate and nested brood
The royal prize are waiting;
They gorge the flesh and drink the blood,
Their savage hunger sating.
The toiling hunter, perched aloft,
With lordly fondness gazes,
While summer zephyrs whisper soft,
Or summer lightning blazes.

O, Osprey, toiling o'er the wave,
O'er coast and headland ranging,
Love makes thy fierce heart strong and brave,
One mate, one love unchanging;

One sacred crag, one oak, though sere,
From which but death can sever;
One wild home nest, from year to year
Rebuilt and new forever.

O, Osprey, tell this heart of mine
Thy free, wild joy in being!
To cleave yon liquid arch divine,
Unmoving, yet all-seeing?
To drop, gray lightning, down the blue?
To dash through warring surges?
Or bear thy spoils to her, as true,
Whose love thy wild wing urges?

The Osprey wheels o'er wave and stream,
O'er crag and lofty highland;
I catch his word, a flashing gleam,
From out the azure skyland:—
The joy of being is to be
Whate'er is noblest given,
To bird or soul, in sky or sea,
On earth, in highest heaven.

FOREVER

There's music in that word, Forever,
A deep, melodious hymn sublime;
The conscious chords of being quiver
To its entrancing, wondrous chime.

There's rapture in that word, Forever;
It thrills with deathless joy supreme
The soul, immortal as its Giver,
E'en here, in life's dim morning dream.

There's vigor in that word, Forever;
It breathes a high and glorious life,
A life that faints or falters never,
And nerves the soul for tireless strife.

There's ardor in that word, Forever;
It wings the soul for loftiest flight,
Imparting energy and fervor,
And mantling wing and brow with light.

There's grandeur in that word, Forever,
A larger life! A vaster power!
That, when time's cramping chain shall sever,
Shall be th' undying spirit's dower.

ANGEL CHILD

I stood beside a city's crowded street,
With arms close folded o'er a glooming breast;
My sad soul, fettered, chafed in quick unrest,
Unheedful of the ceaseless passing feet;
Unheedful of the bustling tramp of men,
Unheedful of the breathless, hurrying throng,
Brooding on griefs my heart had cherished long,
And strong, high hopes, crushed often and again.

My eyes, but not my mind, saw each new guise,
Until, along the walk, a blond-haired child,
With lineless brow, and face so sweetly mild,
And deep joy swimming in her soft, brown eyes,
Came tripping lightly past, as half on wing;
By very buoyancy of soul upborne,
An angel, of her pinions, only, shorn;
A bright, enraptured, and enrapturing thing.

Soon she danced by, but not till gaze met gaze,
Responsive to the mystic sympathy
Of spirit chords, when struck in harmony ;
So did her damp, long lashes slowly raise,
And two quick, tremulous streams of liquid light
Fell on my soul, in gloom's benumbing thrall,
As sunbeams through the chinks of dungeon wall,
On some strong captive, bound in iron night.

No words may tell the rich and rapturous thrill
That warmed, electric, through my soul and frame,
As flashed the memory of an olden name
Like zigzag lightning, down the clouds that still
Hung dark and dim and doomlike 'round my head,
But glowed, dissolving at that magic glance,
And grim Despair, touched by that quivering lance,
Dropped with dull sound his leaden chains, and fled.

Then streamed through all my soul the old-time light,
The old-time joy, the old-time hope and trust,
With old-time energy awoke from dust
And sprang unprisoned forth, in olden might :
The old-time glory lit the selfsame earth,
That shone so brightly in the golden yore ;
And face of man shone radiantly once more,
With all the generous fire of olden worth.

Then came dear memories of bygone time,
With all their holiest influence o'er my heart,
Bidding old feelings into new life start,
Like echoes, answering to a long-hushed chime :
And old emotions, crowding thick and fast,
Struggled for mastery in my heaving breast
And tears, unbidden, aye and unrepressed,
Wet my hot cheeks with precious rain, at last.

God bless thee, Angel child! my full heart said;
Hence be the guardian genius of my life!
Shrined in my soul, when sharpest rings Earth's
 strife,
Then most thine influence on my heart be shed.
Thy gaze shall make my struggling spirit strong,
And calm me to serenest trust sublime,
To hew my destiny, and wait God's time,
Hewing it better, if that time be long.

O Campbell! say not "few and far between"
Are "angel's visits"! Thick around our way
They throng through all life's pilgrimage, each
 day;
They watch us, nor themselves unfrequent seen.
Earth hath her angels. O for vision new,
By God's own spirit clarified; for then
Oft should we see them, where we now see men,
And find ourselves transformed to angels too.

THE TEMPLE OF REMEMBRANCE

On a fair isle 'mid Time's unbounded sea,
A temple stands, a holy wondrous shrine,
A haunted pile, whose domes o'erlook a deep
Whose farther shore no mortal eye hath scanned,
And, launched on which, no bark hath e'er returned.
Beside that solemn, far-resounding sea,
This temple stands, as listening to its chime,
That, like a ceaseless anthem, evermore,
Hushed, mellowed, sweet, enchanting, swells, and
 falls.
This temple is Remembrance. 'Tis not like
The flattering shrine where Hope's deluded throng

Are mocked with dazzling phantoms. 'Tis not like
The palace where gay Pleasure's maddened crowd
Whirl in delirium one ecstatic hour,
Then pine through blasted ages. 'Tis not like
Fame's glittering dome, that crowns an awful steep,
Flamed on by blazing suns, or lightning's glare.

It is a silent temple. Not a jar
Of all the clashing world its calm invades;
No rude unsummoned visitant intrudes;
No pictures deck its walls, save those we paint;
No statues rise, save those ourselves enshrine;
No music swells, save chords our touch has waked.
Here all is ours. Through all the silent halls
We hang bright portraits of each face we loved,
And as the golden glimmer of the past
Steals over them, they grow divinely fair.
A holy light comes o'er them. Ay, they smile,
And with half-parted lips, and love-lit eyes,
They seem to speak, and we can almost hear
The memory-haunting voices, that of old
Fell on our ears like music. O, the thrill,
The deep and rhythmic pulse through all the heart,
As on those forms we gaze! Forgotten years,
How your swift course returns o'er all the soul!
How from oblivion start the slumbering shades
Of joys that kissed the golden moments on,
When bliss and being wedded, and were one!
And spirit forms from out white depths of light
Come floating round us, smiling till earth's gloom,
Lit by their luster, melts to amber day!

Thrice hallowed temple! Here these shining forms,
Clad in soft radiance, like the tender glow
Of autumn sunbeams streaming through stained
glass,

Linked side by side with us walk up and down,
And live the old embalmed past o'er again,
The secret, sacred past, unknown to all,
All save ourselves and them. We clasp their hands,
And feel their pulses warm, their breath like winds
Breathing at summer eve from the sweet south.
Their white wings stir the tremulous atmosphere,
They smile undying love upon us still.

Thrice blessed isle, forever green and fair!
The fierce simooms that sweep life's torrid plains,
Here to soft evening zephyrs sink at last,
That bring sweet tidings of repose and peace.
Hallowed Remembrance! May my life so run,
That howsoe'er to-day may vex with cares,
To-morrow threaten with new strifes and storms,
Still no dark shade shall sadden yesterday,
Where memory's realm lies ever pure and bright.

THE STARS AND THE FIREFLY

My hammock on the lawn I hung,
At sunset in the hot July;
And there, by cooling breezes swung,
I watched the starlit evening sky.

Above me sailed the mighty Swan;
Stupendous Vega led the Lyre;
Antares lit the Scorpion,
And set the southern sky on fire.

High in the east the Eagle soared,
And on his shoulder bore Altair;
His golden flood Arcturus poured;
And Leo sought his western lair.

Colossal Hercules, o'erhead,
Brandished his glittering club on high;
And from his feet the Dragon fled,
Uncoiling 'round the northern sky.

The Bear moved on his giant pace,
Heedless of hounds or hunter's call—
A firefly flashed across my face,
And quenched the splendor of them all!

For he was near, and they were far;
He shone on earth, and they above;
And what were heaven's sublimest star
To earthly light and earthly love?

The *near*, the *now* of finite good,
Its transient gleam amid earth's night,
They shroud heaven's whole infinitude,
And veil eternities of light.

My firefly passed; his flash was gone,
Lost in the darkness whence it sprang:
I looked—Arcturus still shone on,
As when the stars of morning sang.

“THE SEA IS HIS”

The sea is his; he made its blue expanse,
And wrapped it like a mantle round the globe;
An azure velvet, sheened with sunshine's glance,
Ermined with whitecaps like an empress' robe.

The sea is his; its rolling billows swell
Their beryl bosoms, laced with foamy snow,
And in their ceaseless psalmody they tell
What tides, like human heart-throbs, heave below.

The sea is his; in watery mountains whirled,
Waked by his breath its waves assault the skies,
Its thundering breakers shake the solid world,
And navies vanish, conqueror and prize.

The sea is his; within its mirrored calm
His white-cloud chariots sweep a double sky,
Its tempests slumber in his folded palm,
Its monsters gambol 'neath their Maker's eye.

The sea is his; it hymns its organ bass
Till nature's anthem fills the vaulted pole;
Or, floating soft as incense from a vase,
Æolian vespers thrill the ravished soul.

The sea is his; a pavement for his throne;
An image of immensity and might;
A shoreless, infinite abyss, unknown;
A gulf of splendor in a gulf of night.

The sea is his; but when his trump shall sound
Its trembling waves shall die along the shore,
Its frightened floods shall shrink in caves profound:
In that new earth there shall be sea no more.

STILLNESS

Stillness is Holy. In this hour I feel
Its potent influence on my spirit steal,
As if, with this soft-creeping, shadowy gloom,
A viewless presence broods through all the room.

Stillness is Beautiful. It brings me gleams
Of aureole-beings in its misty dreams,
And breathes, unseen, an atmosphere around
Of bliss that soothes me like the soul of sound.

Stillness is Mystery. My soul grows calm,
When silence steepens my senses as in balm,
Diffusing sweet, through all this anxious breast,
Disturbless quiet and unruffled rest.

Stillness is Music. Deep from outer spheres,
Rhythmic impulses touch my spirit's ears,
Whose echoes wander down life's conscious flow,
Like lulling lute-notes, lingering, long and low.

A CENTENNIAL PÆAN

Hail the day! the glorious morning! Hoist our coun-
try's banner bright,
Every hand upon the halyards! Raise it into rosy
light!
Send it up, above the housetops, up above the crowding
trees!
Let it flash out in the sunrise! Let it float out on the
breeze!
Send it up to greet the rainbow, where its stripes were
woven first!
Out among the constellations let its starry splendors
burst!
Let the lightnings play around it! Let the eagles soar
above!
Let the blue and smiling heavens overarch its folds in
love!
Not a star torn from its azure, not a rent and not a
stain
As to-day it floats in triumph from the pine-clad hills
of Maine,
From the blue lakes stretching westward, from the
southern Land of Flowers,
O'er the mighty Mississippi, o'er the Rocky Mountains'
towers,

Over many a teeming city, over many a fertile State,
From the commerce-plowed Atlantic to the far-off
Golden Gate,
Over fifty million freemen—not a slave among them all!
All their blood would stream around it, ere a single
star should fall!

Ho! salute that glorious banner! Let the shrill fife
shriek its note!
Let the bugle, clarion, trumpet, blare from every brazen
throat!
Let the snare-drums and the bass-drums in a joyous
tumult roll,
Like the leaping, throbbing pulses in the patriot's kin-
dling soul!
Let the church-bell in the steeple swing its iron tongue
on high,
Till the billows of its clangor shake the arches of the
sky!
Let the cannon crash its thunders over land and over
sea,
From its bellowing lips proclaiming a glad nation's
jubilee!
Let the roar of strong men's voices, like the sea surge
rise and fall,
Let the clear-toned songs of women float ecstatic over
all!
Cheer the flag! the flag our fathers bore through storms
of blood and fire!
Cheer the flag! the flag our brothers saved from shame,
and shot it higher!
Cheer the flag! Let shouts of freemen swell, with rap-
ture-gushing tears!
Cheer the flag! the flag whose glory flames along a hun-
dred years!

Cheer it! Never tongue shall falter in the anthem of
the free!

Cheer it grandly! Let the welkin echo back our three
times three!

Say, what means this glad commotion, myriad strains
and voices blent,

Swelling, sweeping on like whirlwinds, o'er a mighty
continent?

Why the flags, the bells, the cannon? Why the chime,
the crash, the roar?

Why the shouts, like booming breakers on the ocean's
wintry shore?

Ah, it is a great free nation, mistress of a great new
world,

Hails the day that saw that banner to the winds of
heaven unfurled!

Hails the day that saw oppression back from Freedom's
buckler hurled,

Scorched and scathed by Freedom's lightning, from
her gleaming right arm whirled!

"Lives and fortunes, sacred honor," 'round her altar
heroes vowed;

He whose friendly glooms hung o'er them, flashed ac-
ceptance from the cloud,

Led them down, as erst his chosen, through Red Seas
of woe and night,—

Led them up, redeemed forever, crowned with liberty
and light!

Ay, it is a great free nation; and from far the nations
throng,

Glad to hail her day of triumph, glad to join her grate-
ful song,

Proud to claim her of their number, proud her praises
to repeat,
Proud to pour their brightest treasures in free homage
at her feet!

Lo, the wondrous transformation, since of yore our
exiled sires
On this new world's savage confines kindled Freedom's
altar fires!
Then, o'er all, the mighty forest in majestic greenness
swayed,
And the red deer and red hunter like the winds swept
through the glade!
Then the curling smoke from wigwams, or from camp-
fires in the glen,
These were all that spoke to heaven of the cheerful
homes of men.
Richer hoarding had the squirrel, or the wild bee in
her cell,
And the hang-bird and the beaver built as wisely and
as well.
Lo, to-day, the vanished forest only skirts the hills and
streams,
And the red deer and red hunter are like visions seen
in dreams!
Now the drumming of the partridge is the thunder of
the flail,
And the highway through the village knows no more
the Indian trail.
Now the wigwam is a palace, and the camp-fire in the
gorge
Flashes out upon the twilight in the blazing of the
forge,

The canoe a noble steamship, and the pony with his pack
Is a steel-and-lightning charger, with a city at his back,
Hissing like a thunderbolt from Vulcan's sooty smithy
hurled,

Flashing in three rapid sunsets half around the startled
world!

And the huts beside the rivers now are cities fair and
great,

And the council-fires are senates, ruling many a mighty
State;

And afar o'er plain and prairie still the thronging na-
tions pour,

As the tide-waves o'er the boundless sands on Fundy's
level shore.

Ever westward, ever widening, still the tides of con-
quest roll,—

Southward toward the tropic summer, Northward to-
ward the icy pole,

Spreads that empire, born predestined to expand from
zone to zone,

Soon to rule the North's great continent, unchallenged
and alone!

Now, fast following Freedom's conquests come the
blessed arts of peace,

Bidding nature's generous bounty teem with ripe and
rich increase.

Lo, the virgin flower-gemmed prairie, cleft by shares
of shining steel,

Reapt by iron arms, and winnowed by the gale-compel-
ling wheel!

Lo, the forest, sawn and shapen by the headlong moun-
tain stream!

Lo, ten thousand spindles flashing at the magic touch
of steam!

Lo, the earth her bowels opening in a thousand teeming
mines,
Coal and oil and iron, copper, silver, gold uncounted,
shines!
Lo, new streams, unknown to nature, waft the wealth
of newborn lands!
Steel highways, that pierce the mountains, belt the
earth with shining bands!
And the lightning, Jove's dread ensign, from his cloudy
throne descends,
Wings man's thought o'er lands and oceans, flashed to
earth's remotest ends!
Lo, the Church, the School, the College, blend their in-
fluence benign,
Rear their spires from every hilltop, symbols of man's
life divine;
Blend their beams like friendly beacons, Faith and
Knowledge, Truth and Love,
Crowning life with nobler culture, holier hope, below,
above.
All the earth grows brighter, better, 'neath their scepter
pure and bland;
Art awakes man's soul to beauty, clears his eye and
trains his hand;
Learning, science, song and story, light, instruct, and
cheer the earth,
Man, once more inspired, looks upward, taught by Faith
his heavenly birth.

Thus, to-day, Columbia, standing where the past and
future meet,
Hails the old and rounded epoch of a century com-
plete;

Hails the new, the mightier future, mightier trust and
mightier toil,
Deeper delving, richer harvest; fiercer battle, prouder
spoil!
Brief her century to their cycles, Egypt, Assur, India
hoar;
Hers the dateless queen of deserts; hers, by Tiber's
haunted shore;
But that century's power and progress, sway o'er na-
ture, fruit for man,
Dwarfs the pyramids to milestones, dwarfs millenniums
to a span!
See her thronging thousands gather, myriads, millions,
West and East,
North and South, as Grecian nations thronged the
great Olympic feast;
Throng in joyous exultation, proud to hear and tell the
tale,
Glad to praise the God of nations, God whose mercies
never fail;
Let the clash of joyous cymbals in harmonious discord
rise!
Let the men and women singers lift their voices to the
skies!
Let the shrill notes of the children climb the chorus
high and clear,
Till the eye of many a father sparkles with the rap-
tured tear!
They shall fight their country's battles when our locks
with snow are crowned;
They shall share their country's honors when we slum-
ber underground;
Let their choirs of happy voices to their country's altar
bring
Life's first, sweetest, purest incense—let the children
rise and sing!

Let the annalist, historian, tell the tales of bygone
time;
Let the orator in glowing periods mount his theme sub-
lime;
Let the bard to golden numbers wake the all-entrancing
lyre,
Sweep the chords and sweep men's heartstrings, till
alike they leap in fire!
Till the song shall waft the singer, waft the hearer on
its wings,
Both to bow, adoring, prostrate, low before the King
of kings.

God of nations, God of freedom, from thy footstool let
us rise
Purged and purified and girded for a century's high
emprise.
Let the patriot's pure devotion as in former days re-
turn,
Till our sires' heroic virtues in their children glow and
burn!
Let fraternal strife and bloodshed die unsung as tho'
'twere not,
Till the old age of oppression from men's hearts be all
forgot.
Let new Washingtons and Lincolns rise to guide when
dangers frown,
And new sages, seers, and singers every age illumine and
crown.

Ring the Old out, sadly, gladly—gladly then ring in
the New,
Nobler, fairer. dawns the epoch rising on our raptured
view!

Where the serpent brood of error, strife and envy, coil
and hiss,
Truth and Love shall clasp each other, Righteousness
and Peace shall kiss.
And the black abyss of ruin, on whose crumbling brink
we quailed,
As the golden gate of freedom for glad millions shall
be hailed.
Great Jehovah, we adore thee, God of justice, light, and
truth,
God of righteousness and mercy: Thou, our nation's
guide in youth,—
Thou who led'st our hero fathers by thy tent of cloudy
fires,
Thou wilt lead their children's children in the foot-
steps of their sires.
Not for failure, shame, and scoffing hast thou launched
our nation's bark,
Thronged with types of man and nature, like that
world-delivering Ark.
Thou shalt rule the storms above us, thou our unknown
course shalt steer,
And thy bright bow, bent in heaven, oft our trembling
hearts shall cheer.
So to-day we launch, exultant, down an unknown cen-
tury's sweep
As of old the wondrous voyager launched across the
unknown deep.
O'er us flies our fathers' banner; 'neath us lies the soil
they trod;
And their spirits bend above us as from jasper towers
of God.
Brothers, tread their path to glory, let no traitor foot-
step lag;
Brothers, trust the Arm they trusted, trust in God and
cheer the flag!

Cheer it fondly, proudly, grandly, every lip and heart
beat true,
Cheer Columbia's blood-washed standard! Cheer the
dear Red, White, and Blue!

THE HIDDEN PATH

That path, by eagle's eye unseen,
By boldest lion's whelp untrod,
Hid by the cloudy, fiery screen,—
'Tis there I walk, alone with God.

The mysteries of his providence
No more my trusting soul amaze;
No more I strive, by mortal sense,
To peer behind his glory's blaze.

Enough for me to walk with him,
Though, save for him, I walk alone;
For, though my path be steep and dim,
I know its shadows veil his throne.

So I walk on, serene and still,
And know not sorrow nor surprise;
I know his chariots throng the hill,—
I need not ask for open eyes.

A soft robe rustles in the gloom,—
I touch a finger-tip that thrills!—
What though no gleams this vale illumine?—
I know 'tis morning on the hills!

And I shall mount to sunrise soon,—
Or sunrise shall descend to me:—
Howe'er light comes it shall be noon
When God shall give the victory.

GOD'S WHEAT

I took a pint of golden wheat
To sow a rod of land,
And pensive stood, with lingering feet,
And turned it in my hand,—
When suddenly from out the grain
Arose a murmuring sound,
An inarticulate moan of pain
At fear of the cold ground.

“Why cast us there to die and rot,
With clods and snows o’erspread,
In dull oblivion forgot,
The grave of all things dead?
Nay, hoard us with the garnered heap,
In honest wealth to shine,
Richer than gems from ocean’s deep,
Or gold from Ophir’s mine!”

“Nay, nay!” I said; “ye know not now
Your being’s end and plan,—
How for your sake alone the plow
All these deep furrows ran;
The harrow that refined the soil,
The all-enriching shower,
And all the farmer’s care and toil
Are but your own rich dower.

“‘Except a corn of wheat shall fall
Into the ground, and die,
It dwells alone:’ so spake, for all,
The Lord of earth and sky;
‘But if it die, its old life warmed
To blade and stalk and root,
To nobler, richer life transformed,
It bears abundant fruit.’

"I too, like you, to gain must give,
Yet must not give to gain;
I more than you must die, to live,
Or live and die in vain;
Must welcome disappointment, strife,
Toil, anguish, heart-break, woe;
Yet rise to heaven's transfigured life,
Love's service, here below."

No more the wheat chid Nature's law,—
To earth it gladly sank,
And there another summer saw
A harvest waving rank!
Lord, let me, too, learn how to die,
Or how to live for thee;
Thy will my joy through earth and sky,
Time and eternity!

DARE TO BE RIGHT

Dare to be right! dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do.
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.

Dare to be right! dare to be true!
Other men's failures can never save you;
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith,
Stand like a hero and battle till death.

Dare to be right! dare to be true!
Love may deny you its sunshine and dew.
Let the dew fail, for then showers shall be given;
Dew is from earth, but the showers are from
heaven.

Dare to be right! dare to be true!
God, who created you, cares for you too;
Bottles the tears that his striving ones shed,
Counts and protects every hair of your head.

Dare to be right! dare to be true!
Cannot Omnipotence carry you through?
City, and mansion, and throne all in sight,
Can you not dare to be true and be right?

Dare to be right! dare to be true!
Prayerfully, lovingly, firmly pursue
The pathway by saints and by patriarchs trod,
The pathway that climbs to the city of God.

ALEXANDER BREAKING BUCEPHALUS

Philonicus the Thessalian brought to Philip's court a
steed,
Tall and shapely, powerful, glorious, of Larissa's
noblest breed;
Flashing white from mane to fetlocks, neck of thunder,
eyes of flame,
In his brow the jet-black ox-head, whence Bucephalus,
his name.

But the mighty charger's spirit none could manage,
soothe, subdue;
Grooms Thessalian, Macedonian, right and left alike
he threw:
Vain were curb bits, vain caresses, to assuage those
tameless fires
Blazing in arterial lava from a hundred Centaur sires!

“Faugh! Avaunt the furious monster!” Philip cried,
in vexed disgust.

“What a brute to send a monarch! Would they see me
flung to dust?

Nay! Begone with such a fury! There’s no dragon
market here!”

At the word young Alexander heaved a sigh and
dropped a tear.

“What a matchless steed they’re losing!” cried the boy,
in proud distress,

“All for lack of nerve to back him, lack of boldness and
address!

Lack of soul to show the master to the dumb but
knowing thing!

Lack of inborn kingliness to match this proud four-
footed king!”

“What! rash youth! arraign thy elders? Durst thou
mount the horse to-day?

Should’st thou fail, what kingly forfeit for thy folly
canst thou pay?”

Stern spake Philip;—Alexander: “Yea, I dare! give but
the sign,

I will ride; or thirteen talents pay thee, and the steed
be mine!”

“Done!” cried Philip; “Mount!” The courtiers, laugh-
ing, jeered the challenged boy;

But, ablaze with aspiration, to the steed he sprang with
joy!

Boldly seized the foam-sprent bridle, turned the fierce
eye to the sun,

Spake firm words of fearless kindness, till the fiery
heart was won.

To his back then lightly springing, on his neck he flung
the rein,
Gave him voice and spur, and sent him free and bound-
ing o'er the plain;
Like a thunderbolt in harness the great steed exultant
flew,
Glorying in his new-found master, with brute instinct
swift and true.

On gazed Philip, on gazed courtiers, on gazed Pella's
anxious throng.
Wondering at the princely hand that tamed a steed so
fierce and strong;
All unconscious of that horse-mind which could man-
liness explore,
And a kingly lord accepting, spurned all others ever-
more.

On around the royal stadium still the courser storms
the ground,
All his mighty thews rejoicing as his rhythmic hoof-
beats sound!
Firm, erect, the eager rider with the joy of conquest
thrills;
Horse and man, a newborn Centaur, one inspiring
spirit fills.

Down the homestretch now careering steed and rider
greet the king;
Jeers are changed to acclamations, shouts of rapture
roll and ring.
But, with prescient tears, the father hails the omen,
triumph won:
"Macedonia cramps thy genius; seek a grander realm,
my son!"

Thus the matchless steed was mastered, born to bear,
through steel and flame,
Earth's world-conquering hero, joined with him in victory and fame,
Till, beside the fair Hydaspes, worn with years the war-horse dies,
And a city, his memorial, lifts its towers to India's skies.

Thus must world-compelling genius master first its wondrous tools,
Learn to grasp and hold the fortune feared by cowards, fled by fools,
Till each challenge to our manhood, met by manhood, lifts us higher,
As the stubborn steel colliding with the flint but wakes its fire.

Claim'st thou manhood? Up, and show it! Draw thy bow, or break the string!
Claim'st thou kingship? Kingly deeds, then, be thy noblest signet ring!
No "It might have been" for heroes, but "*It must be!—shall be!—is!*"
That's the shaft that makes a bull's-eye on life's target!
Let it whiz!

Toils and dangers shunned by others only dare thy soul to climb.
Mount the heights! Then from their summits gaze on grandeurs more sublime!
Break Bucephalus, and ride him! Cowards shall to dust be hurled,
But he'll own a kingly spirit—own, and bear thee round the world!

IN THE MAELSTROM

[Suggested by the account of the perilous descent of William Courtlandt Prentice into the noted chasm in Mammoth Cave, known as the Maelstrom.]

Down! Down! Down!
 Into the darkness dismal;
Alone,—Alone,—Alone,—
 Into the gulf abysmal,
On a single strand of rope,
Strong in purpose and in hope,
Lighted by one glimmering lamp,
Half extinguished by the damp,
Swinging o'er the pit of gloom,
Yawning like the jaws of doom;
 Into the awful stillness,
 And the sepulchral chillness,
Lower him into the maelstrom's deeps,
Where Nature her sealèd mysteries keeps;
 Lower him carefully,
 Lower him prayerfully,
Lower, and lower, and lower,
 Where mortal never hath been before,
Till he shall tell us, till he shall show
The truth of the tales of the long ago,
And find, by the light that his lamp shall throw,
If this be the entrance to hell, or no.

But now, as in distance his lamp disappears,
What noises mysterious alarum his ears!
 Listen the rumbling roaring,
 As of eternal pouring;
Pouring and plunging and moaning—
Whispering and shuddering and groaning,—
Surging and rushing and booming
Up through the fathomless glooming;—

Now a stifled sighing,
Like the gasp of dying;—
 Now a sobbing,
 And a throbbing,
As of demon vampires, robbing
Blood and breath from victim mortal;—
Is it? Is it bedlam's portal?
 Now it hushes and it flows,—
 Now it gathers, and it grows,—
 And it rumbles,
 And it tumbles,
 With a washing,
 And a swashing,
 And a lashing,
 And a splashing,
And a fast and furious dashing
 As of fiery floods eternal!
 As of carnivals supernal!
 As of revelings infernal!
 As of ghouls!
 And of souls!
Where the lake of brimstone rolls;
 Where the lava billow curls,
 And the lava whirlpool whirls,
 And the lava breaker hurls
 The fire-foam of its crest
 On the fire-rock's ragged breast,
 In its endless, fierce unrest,
 Of lost spirits in their revels,
 Fallen souls and damnèd devils.

Let him lower; let him lower;
Let him, shudderless, explore
If it be Tartarean shore,

Whence comes up this dash and roar,
Wail and moan forever more.

More he hears it,
More he fears it,
As he nears it;
And it chills him,
And it thrills him,
And with terror vague it fills him;
But he'll see it,
What may be it;
He will see it though it kills him.

But behold, from rocky wall,
Circling round the shaft below,
Bending like a silver bow,
Spouts a crystal waterfall!
Could from this come all that terror?
Are his ears or eyes in error?

All its coarseness,
And its hoarseness,
When he sees how fair their source is,
Vanish, till, by aid of vision,
Sounds infernal grow elysian.
Now he swings anear the side
Of this weird and wondrous tide,
Where its limpid billows slide,
And its sheets descending glide,
Veiled in whiteness, like a bride;
Glistening where his lamp is beaming,
Sparkling, flashing, glitt'ring, gleaming,
Like a shower of diamonds, streaming
From the lap of Nature, dreaming;
Streaming downward past him quickly,
Sprinkling now upon him thickly,

From the fissure far above him;
As if all the Naiads love him
With so rich a love, and tender,
That they shower baptismal splendor,
Floods of jewels for his visit;
Is't a flood of gems, or is it
That with kisses thus they crown him,
Till their kisses almost drown him?

Let him lower; let him lower;
Down beside this jewel sower;
Down beside its radiant pouring;
Down into its deepening roaring;
Down along its rainbow spray,
Never lit by solar day:

 Into the dark profound,
 A deep that plummet ne'er did sound,
 Still he descends,
 And anxiously bends,
Gazing down into darkness that never ends,
 Whose dimness,
 And grimness,
 And darkness,
 And starkness,
 And deepness,
 And steepness,
 And deadness,
 And dreadness,

More frightful are made, by his lamp's sickly redness;
Till, checked with sudden shock,
He stands on solid rock,
Ninety and an hundred feet
From the friends who hold that cable;
Will they lift him, are they able,
Face to face once more to greet?

Do his pulses flutter quicker?
Comes his breathing faster, thicker?
As his lamp, with feeble flicker,
Shows the rock that closes round him,
Walls of adamant that bound him,
Upward, upward, o'er him lowering;
Upward into darkness towering;
Propping earth and flood on high,
Miles between him and the sky;
While, up through the rock below,
Almost he can feel a glow,
A living motion almost feel,
Through Earth's ribs of stone and steel!
Feel the heaving and commotion
Of the mighty molten ocean!
Earth's great heart in palpitation,
Lava blood in circulation!
As he stands, in wonder gazing
Upward through the depth amazing,
Downward on the glory blazing,
In his lamplight's dim revealing,
Comes there not a softer feeling,
Gently through his bosom stealing?
Shall he ever see again
Daylight and the homes of men?
Shall the sun again behold him,
And the summer air infold him?
Sky and mountain, forest, river,
Shall they greet his vision ever?
Come not o'er him,
And before him,
Memories of her love who bore him?
Father, Mother,
Sister, Brother,
And oh! dearer far, *Another!*

Shall again her breath caress him?
 Shall again her kisses bless him?
 Will she, at his safe returning,
 Kiss him till his lips are burning?
 Kiss him till the gods immortal
 Lean from Heaven's eternal portal,
 Gazing, envious, on the blisses
 Of such rich and rapturous kisses?
 'Tis for her he gleans those crystlets,
 Bracelets, necklaces, and wristlets,
 Whiter than the snow-wreath's whiteness,
 Brighter than the glacier's brightness:
 Rare stalactites, rich in splendor;
 Dazzling stars, with spangles slender;
 Spar that Helen's self might dote on;
 Gems the Egyptian queen might gloat on.
 And now, through the depths of the maelstrom,
 Swinging aloft he uprises
 'Neath where the rivulet comes from,
 Till a new wonder surprises.
 Caverns he saw in descending
 Yawn with their hideous gorges;
 Caves where the echoes are blending,
 Whence those demoniac orgies.
 But his will is undaunted
 To know if they be haunted,
 For his soul for adventure from childhood has panted.
 And now, like a pendulum swinging,
 And now to the cavern's floor clinging,
 He enters a hall,
 A huge niche in the wall,
 Where echoes unnumbered respond to his call
 From the roof that impends
 Where a gallery extends,
 Till, bounded by distance, in darkness it ends.

But the fates seem bent to prove him,
Since past terrors fail to move him;
For, as lost in admiration,
Wild he stands—with exultation,
The rope, the rope!
His life! his hope!

Slips from his relaxing fingers!
Does not now a horror chill him?
Comes not now a shuddering o'er him?
As it swings, unreached, before him?
But some spirit seems to fill him
With invention, for he lingers
Scarce a moment, but preparing
With an almost careless caring,
For one effort, rash and daring,
Toward the verge he creeps with caution,
Measuring, nicely, every motion,
Leaning o'er the brink tremendous
Of the precipice stupendous,
Straining o'er the black abyss,
Frightful as the realms of Dis,—
Clinging to the horrid edge
Of the overhanging ledge,
Slimy with the ooze and damp,
Reaching outward with his lamp,—

Almost tripping,

Almost tipping

'Neath the water that is dripping
On his head as he is clinging,
Till the rope, in circles swinging,
Meets his lamp, his hand, and springing
To his feet, he stands, delivered!
Not till then a nerve had quivered;
But methinks they now need resting,
After such a fearful testing.

Soon refreshed, the rope he fastens,
And to view the grotto hastens.
Now along its spacious flooring,
Eager, pleased, he roams exploring;
O'er obstructions, through wide chambers,
Onward still he wends and clambers.
Stalagmitic cones and masses
Glitter everywhere he passes;
Glitter through the gloom like glasses;
Shapes of beauty forming slowly,
Arches, shrines, and altars holy;
Groups of columns polyhedral,
Like some rich, antique cathedral;
Nature's grand and gloomy glory,
Fairer than the fanes of story.

Thus he wanders,
Roams and ponders,
Through this gallery of wonders,
Till a rocky barrier, rising
To an altitude surprising,
All across the chamber closes,
And effectually opposes
All his efforts to get o'er it,
And he stands repulsed before it.
Yet he sees the cave extending
Onward, till in distance blending
With the darkness, as though Nature
Was resolved to hold some feature
Hidden still from mortal creature;
Kept to crown some new explorer,
Some more fortunate adorer.
So, while yet his lamp is burning,
To the dreadful shaft returning,
Round his form the line adjusting,
On its friendly fibers trusting,

Once more, ere his voyage is ended,
O'er the chasm he swings, suspended.

Up,—Up,—Up,—

Slowly ascending he glides;

Laden with trophies and hope,

Higher and higher he rides;

Scarce thinking of harm,

When a shout of alarm,

Terrific and startling, disperses the charm,

Fire! Fire! Fire!

The rope! The rope is on fire!

Voices of agony cry!

Voices of horror reply!

And it rings and it thunders, and thunders and
rings,

Down through that gulf of all terrible things,

Drowning the roaring of the rivulet flood,

Chilling his pulses and curdling his blood!

And it sinks and it swells

Like a myriad knells,

Through the echoing cells;

While the fiends that slept,

Or in stillness kept,

While past them he crept,

While past them he swept,

Now shriek with delight,

And glare on his sight

Through the horrible night,

Till the wails and yells

Of a thousand hells

Seem waked in those regions where darkness
dwells.

And the air grows thick;

And their breath comes quick,

And their souls grow sick

Who toil above him.
But he knows they love him;
And neither the peril nor terror move him;
For he smiles unblenched
As the rope is quenched,
The rope of fire, that their hands had clenched;
And they lift him once more
To the cavern's firm floor,
Then faint with their toil, when the struggle is o'er.
But down in that depth where no other has trod,
Where writing was none, save the writing of God,
Was graven a name,
By that glimmering flame,
That shall live on the records of daring and fame.

FLORALIA AMERICANA

Bring flowers! A grateful nation
To-day bends o'er her dead,
And strews the tribute of her love
Above each slumbering head;
To-day Columbia scatters
Sweet chaplets o'er their graves,
Who bled for Freedom's holy cause,
A million hero-braves.

Oh, what a mighty harvest
Death reaped on many a field,
Where fiery hearts and flaming souls
Could die, but could not yield!
Oh, what a mighty harvest,
In these green furrows sown,
Already springs to bless the world
Through cycles yet unknown!

They died for holy Freedom,
This million of brave men,
For Freedom, sacred through the world,
And brave hearts leap again
Through all earth's zones and ages
At memory of their deeds,
Where'er for country, home, and right,
The patriot dares or bleeds.

Oh, dark and long the struggle,
In which they bore their part,
And dark the clouds of woe that hung
O'er many a patriot heart;
When craven spirits faltered,
And cowards quaked with fear,
And the vilest of all traitors planned
Their treasons in the rear.

Ah, then up rose these heroes,
And on to war's dread front
They tramped by solid thousands strong,
And bore the battle's brunt!
Their arguments were volleys,
Their speeches, cannon's roar,
'Mid the shock and crash of charging hosts,
That crimsoned sea and shore.

They bled,—but O, they conquered!
And when the strife was done,
A victory, wide as all the world,
For all the world was won!
Four million slaves were freemen,
The old world's hate was foiled,
And o'er a continent, one realm,
One banner flew, unsoiled!

And these, these are the heroes,
Who bought this boon untold;
And shall our tongues be dumb to-day?
Or shall our praise be cold?
Shall we, with phrase unmeaning,
Betray their dear-bought trust,
Until they turn within their graves,
And curse us from the dust?

Ah, not in hate toward brothers,
For whom no hate we knew,
E'en when, to keep them brothers still,
The brother's sword we drew;
Ah, not in scorn, nor vengeance,
But in God's sight and fear,
Above these hallowed grass-grown mounds
We make our answer here.

No, Never! Never! Never,
Shall they have died in vain!
Never yon starry flag be rent,
Nor slavery clang its chain
On all the soil they rescued,
Or all that ours may be
Between two mighty oceans' waves,
From pole to tropic sea.

Nay, not in hate nor anger
We breathe this vow to-day,
For here, 'mid our own comrades true,
Sleep those who wore the gray;
Our sisters, wives, and mothers
Nursed them as brothers too,
And o'er their graves the last salute
Was fired by "boys in blue."

Sheathed be the sword forever,
And healed the wounds it made.
From sea to sea, from zone to zone,
Be Freedom's reign obeyed;
One charter, country, kindred,
Columbia's sons unite,
One glorious past that aye shall last,
One future still more bright!

Bring then bright flowers, the brightest,
The sweetest things that bloom,
And pile a bloodless hecatomb,
On every hero's tomb;
Crown "blue" and "gray" together,
Crown white and black the same,
And alien names from far-off lands,
Who here found death and fame.

Crown the long lines of headstones
With that sad word, "Unknown,"
Ay, hang the sweetest garlands there
That all the May has blown;
Not lost—those names—in darkness,
But, like those stars whose height
Blends every ray in the Milky Way,
A heavenly river of light.

O Liberty, thy martyrs
In every clime and age
Are graven on the world's great heart,
Its warmest, reddest page,
From Marathon to Sempach,
From Poland to Peru,
From Morgarten and Bannockburn,
They rise to-day in view.

All noblest births are keenest
In pangs, and blood, and strife,
And so, through birth-pangs manifold,
Ascends man's upward life;
The soul, the race, the nation,
Must aye be born of blood,
Born o'er and o'er in nameless throes,
To gain its topmost good.

Sleep on, then, martyr-heroes,
Your souls with Freedom's God,
Your couch, great Nature's boundless breast,
Beneath your country's sod;
Sleep on, all seasons crown you,
The stars all light your bed;
Sleep on till breaks the endless morn,—
The brave are never dead.

UNFORGOTTEN BEAUTY

The sumachs and the dogwoods are coloring by the
ponds,
And in the swales the ferns and brakes upfurl their
amber fronds;
The tall Virginia creepers with flame the woods festoon,
The scarlet oak in crimson stands, the ash in deep
maroon.

The bronzed white oak exults to-day in purple, like a
king,
While russet elms their pendant boughs in every zephyr
swing;
The maples flaunt in saffron, vermilion, buff attire,
And all the hillsides burst in blaze for summer's
funeral pyre.

Magnolia, tulip, linden, shake down broad plates of
gold,
And hickory, beech, and sassafras their yellow robes
unfold;
The sweet-gum blends all colors to crown its season
brief,
Orange, magenta, carmine, bronze, on every starry leaf.

This veil of misty azure, the dreamy autumn haze,
That hangs its witchery o'er the world, shot through
with mellow rays,—
No cedar carved with cherubs, with beaten gold o'er-
laid,
No storied tapestry, such lore e'er hid, yet half dis-
played.

I climb the lofty upland, and scale this craggy height,
And gaze o'er all the pictured scene, in solemn, deep
delight;—
A mighty landscape painting, with long, blue ridges
framed,
A glowing panorama, by mortal art unshamed.

And o'er it all the sunshine a golden ocean falls,
And vast cloud-shadows slowly drift along its moun-
tain walls;
And far, bright lakelets glitter among their groves
serene,
Like sapphires framed with rubies, with opalescent
sheen.

The strong-winged birds of passage, the hawk, wild
goose, and crane,
Go sailing southward on the winds, their winter home
to gain;

And, like them, longs my spirit on pensive wings unfurled,
To muse o'er all this gorgeous scene, this autumn wonder-world.

And thus, through all earth's ages, these pageantries return,
And over half a continent their bright processions burn,—
Ten thousand painted banners that flaunt in every gale,
Ten thousand fireless torches that flash o'er hill and dale.

Thus Nature robes in beauty these fair but fading forms,
Before they sink, o'erwhelmed and lost 'neath Winter's roaring storms;
They flash out unrecorded, and unrecorded fade,
And pass unmurmuring away, in pale oblivion laid.

But something in the bosom of every race of man
That e'er has breathed since that far day life's cosmic rhythm began,
Shudders at blank Forgetfulness, and, though undying, blest,
Still craves an individual name, distinct from all the rest.

His name in some high fellowship, his song in some fine soul
To reproduce itself, and glow, an ever-burning coal,—
This were not death, although his dust in unknown earth should lie,
Or blend with ocean, or on wings of desert whirlwinds fly.

The minster's vault must crumble, and brass and granite fail,
And time-defying pyramids forget their dateless tale;
But monuments in thoughts of men shall last while
 minds endure:
Nations decay; Truth, Beauty live, immortal, fadeless,
 pure.

THE ICE STORM

The ice storm! The ice storm! The world is agleam,
With a luster outsparkling the light of a dream!
A calm, solemn splendor, so coldly serene
The earth seems entranced at her own dazzling sheen!

The north wind descended with chill, freezing rain
O'er mountain and valley, o'er forest and plain,
And, lo! a weird wonder! each drop that came down,
Soon changed to a jewel in winter's bright crown!

The ice crown! The ice crown! What numbers can
 name
Its million-hued grandeur, with sunrise aflame!
Its brilliants that flash till the pole-fires are pale,
And gems that outvie the Arabian tale!

The oak on the mountain looks down from his height
Like a castle of crystal, a column of light;
And hemlock and cedar and evergreen pine,
In arcades of emerald and diamond shine!

The elm towers majestic in state like a king,
His boughs like a galaxy glow as they swing;
The willow, with pearl-spangled train, like a queen
In the pomp of her bridal robes, graces the scene.

I stand on the mountain and gaze o'er the wild
Till, with splendor bewildered, I weep like a child,
Where the wild sea of glory beneath me lies spread,
With a deep of blue sapphire like steel overhead.

The woods bend below me in iris-hued waves
The drifts curve around me in amethyst caves;
Above, the bald cliffs in hoar majesty rise,
Like chrysolite buttresses propping the skies.

Oh, Northland! severe in thy season of storms,
What clime that the tropic eternally warms,
What isle of the Indies, what Eden of bliss,
E'er flamed with a gorgeousness grander than this?

NO SLAVE BENEATH THE FLAG

No slave beneath that starry flag,
The emblem of the free!
No fettered hand shall wield the brand
That smites for Liberty!
No tramp of servile armies
Shall shame Columbia's shore,
For he who fights for Freedom's rights
Is free for evermore!

No slave beneath those glorious folds
That o'er our fathers flew,
When every breath was dark with death,
But every heart was true!
No serfs of earth's old empires
Knelt 'neath its shadow then;
And they who now beneath it bow
For evermore are men!

Go tell the ashes of the braves
Who at Port Hudson fell :
Go tell the dust whose holy trust
Stern Wagner guards so well :
Go breathe it softly—slowly—
Where'er the patriot slave
For right has bled, and tell the dead
He fills a *freeman's grave!*

Go tell Kentucky's bondsmen true,
That he who fights is free!
And let the tale fill every gale
That floats o'er Tennessee!
Let all our mighty rivers
The story southward pour,
And every wave tell every slave
To be a slave no more!

Go tell the brave of every land,
Where'er the flag has flown—
The tyrant's fear, the patriot's cheer,
Through every clime and zone—
That now no more forever
Its stripes are Slavery scars:
No tear-drops stain its azure plain,
Nor dim its golden stars!

No slave beneath that grand old flag!
Forever let it fly!
With lightning rolled in every fold,
And flashing victory!
God's blessing breathe around it:
And when all strife is done,
May Freedom's light, that knows no night,
Make every star a sun!

FIFTY MILES AN HOUR

"Clear the track to Washington!"

Flashed the order from New York.
Commerce, travel, all must wait;

Business, pleasure, play, or work!
"Clear the track to Washington!"

Fire the steam to lightning power!
Engineer, your orders are:

Fifty miles an hour!

"Bring out 'Long-legged Tom,' whose wheels
Stride eight yards at every round!

Let them burn along the steels!
Make that splendid engine bound!

Like a fiery dragon's flight,
Let the train the road devour!

Engineer, your orders are:

Fifty miles an hour!

"Why? A mad assassin's hand

Shot our President this morn.
Garfield's wife to Garfield flies,

Like an angel, whirlwind borne!
Engineer, be bold and true!

Test your art's consummate flower!
Put this little woman through,

Fifty miles an hour!

"Fifty million patriot hearts

Weep, and rage, and curse, and pray:
'Save, O God, our President!

Shield his wife and speed her way!
Engineer, not this for you;

Yours to stand a brazen tower
And put this one weak woman through,

Fifty miles an hour!

"Ten hours' time to Washington.

You must cut it down to six!

For our Garfield's hero soul

Trembles on the shores of Styx!

Charon's bark grates on life's strand;

But Love shall snatch his lifted oar,

For Love can bear the fearful strain

Of fifty miles an hour!"

Strong men, bare-browed, cheer the train,

Like a thunderbolt hurled past!

Women's tears fall thick as rain

Shook from rose-trees by the blast.

O Wedded Love! ne'er angel flew

From heaven to earth with richer dower!

Angels! waft this true wife through,

Fifty miles an hour!

Philadelphia hails the car,

Like a meteor on its road;

Baltimore, thrilled at its jar,

Waves it on, with prayer to God!

Venus' chariot, drawn by doves,

Fluttering from Love's myrtle bower,

Changed to steed of steel and flame,

At fifty miles an hour!

Ay, 'twere need! The Nation's choice

Bleeding lies, at point to die!

Ay, 'twere need! The Nation's voice

Bursts to God in myriad cry:

"Save, O God, our President!"

Dash aside this tearful shower;

Love is life, and Love comes flying,

Fifty miles an hour!

Comes at last the strong, true wife,
Comes to brave the fight with death;
God has heard the prayer for life
Wafted up with every breath.
Every throbbing human word
Lent her Love's almighty power,
While she rode to save her lord
At fifty miles an hour!

IN STRAWBERRY TIME

Ripe red strawberries, sugar, and cream,
A dish for Juno or Jove, I deem—
Cream, I say; not chalk and water,
But the liquid gold which the farmer's daughter
Dips from the rows of cool, bright pans—
Cream that never has traveled in cans,
By car or carriage, with many a thump,
Till the part from the cow and the part from the
pump—
Little of former and much of the latter—
Separate, frightened and churned by the clatter.
O no, not that stuff at all I mean,
But the gift of "Daisy," the herd's sleek queen;
That, with white sugar and bright red berries,
Larger than damsons and redder than cherries,
That's the dish that I know, and you know;
The dish, as I said, that's fit for Juno.

Ah, you remember when we were boys—
Some of us were, and some were girls
With sparkling eyes and bewitching curls,
At least we thought so, I mean the boys—

Yes, you remember the "old back pasture,"
A field where man was only half master,
A desert of bushes behind the hill,
Where willows and brambles hung over the rill,
Where the tall mullein nodded aloft in the breeze,
And the bull-thistles bristled, as chevaux-de-frise,
'Round the moldering stump; where the golden-rod
grew;

Where the violets spread in a carpet of blue,
And wintergreen covered the banks and the knolls;
Where the trout brook babbled o'er pebbles and
shoals,

Half in the sunshine, half in the shade
Of briers and alders, a mimic glade;
Where the old chestnut tree and the hickory tall
Shook down their golden nuts in the fall;
Where nature, o'er man half-triumphing, smiled,
And even the cattle that browsed were wild—
Ah, this was the field whose fadeless charm
Still lingers, the dearest of all the farm!

And here, in the glorious month of June,
That comes too late and that flies too soon,
The strawberries ripened in sunny nooks,
On the southward slopes, or the banks of the brooks;
The wild red strawberries, flavored fine
As Persian peaches or Cyprus wine.
Down in the grass and close to the ground
Their creeping runners twined and wound,
And their modest white blossoms scented the air
With a faint soft sweetness, summoning there
The yellow-legged bee in his homeward flight
With the spoils of a thousand flowers at night.
And when the berries ripened it seemed
As the turf with a million garnets gleamed,

Or rubies, a hundred flashing in one,
In the morning dew, and the morning sun.
And the robin was there with his earliest lay,
And the woodpecker whirred as he bore away
The largest and ripest—delicious food—
To his hollow tree and his callow brood.

How the boys and girls from the old red school
In their noonday ramble forgot the rule
And lingered, in spite of the hour and the bell,
Returning barely in time to "spell,"
To a frowning teacher, as truants all,
To quake, till the evening roll should call
To nameless woes.—But I spare to tell
What we all remember so ruefully well.
But ah, for those boys and girls, I ween,
That day has a cloudless, fadeless sheen!
And Harry and Alice, between whose souls
A wide, cold chaos of darkness rolls,
Who wander unmated, estranged and alone,
Through thorns and brambles, in ways unknown,
Would face more toils than this earth can yield
For that bright day in the strawberry field.

But Dick and Susie are smiling anew
As that day brightens in memory's view,
For both are thinking how then they sat
On the bank by the brook, with Dick's straw hat,
Stained in the crown and torn in the rim,
Heaped with strawberries gathered by him
With a few by her, on the grass at their side,
As they ate, and flung the stems on the tide
As it rippled past them, dancing along
With its old, unending, eternal song;

Which it sang in their hearts and sang in their ears
With deepening music through deepening years,
Till they flung their souls on life's widening wave
To drift together down to the grave,
And on, and out to a shoreless sea,
The Ocean of Love's Infinity.
Ah, the red strawberries! Who can say
Why they're such different things to-day?
Never such strawberries, tilled or wild,
Each heart responds, "as when I was a child!"

Hush! Did I slumber? Say, was it a dream
That I caught the whisper—"Strawberries and
cream?"

"Ice cream, cool as Alaska's air!
Garden strawberries, ripe and rare,
Served in a saucer and eaten together
At strawberry festivals in very warm weather!"
Ice cream—strawberries: at that word
The silent depths of the heart are stirred
As memory wakens the scenes of yore
Till they sweep the soul with their power once more.
The old grow young with a sudden spell,
The sad grow cheerful, the sick grow well,
And time-carved faces and bloomless cheeks
Are kindled again with a light that speaks
Of joys unfading, and love and truth
That clothe e'en death in eternal youth.

And lo! Humanity's first bright pages
Repeated forever through all the ages:—
The children gather, the boys and girls,
With faces aglow and with blood that whirls
Through pure, free sluices, and leaps and flies
Like dawn to the cheeks and like fire to the eyes.

And youths and maidens are mingling bright
In this, our strawberry field, to-night.
For Harry and Alice have found the clew
They lost when the shadows between them grew;
And Dick and Susie are stowed in a nook
In the farthest corner—we'll call it a brook—
Eating their berries, and flinging shy glances
 Into—well, *not* the brook, exactly—
Looks that gleam and quiver like lances;
 Pity the people should crowd so compactly—
Not to mention the reason of weather—
That Dick and Susie must sit close together!

Short-lived strawberries! Summer's a dream,
And the seasons and years in an endless stream
Bear youth and maiden and grandsire gray—
All, all, like the summer's leaves away
On their restless billows. Earth's generations
Living are naught to her buried nations,
Her buried races, a buried world
Over whose ashes our dance is whirled
For a few short moments, to change at a breath
From death to life, or from life to death!
The joys of nature, her buds and flowers,
Childhood and youth with their rainbow hours,
Manhood and womanhood, grand and fair,
Life with its battles, and age with its care,
What are each and what are they all
To that life whose voices eternally call
Out from the Infinite, down from above,
Hailing us home to the Infinite Love?
Thither, O thither, on home-stretched wing,
Through joy or sorrow our souls must spring.
The moments of rapture we snatch in our flight
Are foretastes, if pure, of eternal delight;

And moments of sorrow and moments of strife
Are sent as the birth-throes to holier life.
The drops of sweetness that time can yield
Are berries in earth's vast desert field.
True festival moments are few, and far
As the spaces that stretch from star to star;
But to spirits that carry God's peace within
Heaven's festive cycles on earth begin,
And they sweep, in their calm, deep march benign,
Onward and out into life divine.

ON RIDGEFIELD CLIFF

A towering crag on fire with sunset's rays;
A dark pine bending o'er its splintered brow;
On one bare branch a hawk, with breast ablaze
And eyes of flame, sits in the ruddy glow
Watching his mate and nestled brood below,
Hid in a tufted pine top from the gaze
Of hunter's eye, or wildcat's boldest leap,
Swinging in mid-air halfway down the steep,
In wind-rocked freedom all the livelong summer days.

From that stern summit lakes and landscapes lie
In varied beauty, smiling fair and far;
Above it bends the blue-arched summer sky;
Around it zephyrs breathe and whirlwinds war;
Wild lightnings glitter, thunders crash and jar;
The war of elements and ages raves;
But still that iron crag the blast outbraves,
And still the rugged oak and somber pine
Around its fire-scathed head their shaggy chaplets
twine.

O beetling crag and rock-nursed oaks and pines!
Were I free-winged, like yon fierce hawk, I'd soar
O'er you and Andes, Alps and Apennines,
And scream exulting on earth's wildest shore.
I'd bask above Niagara's rainbowed roar,
Or skim the flower-starred prairies' emerald sea,
Or wheel 'round Himalaya's stainless throne.
But hold! An eagle's wings were naught to me!
Mind makes the whole wild world; yea, worlds on
worlds its own.

OUR SILVER WEDDING

'Tis twenty-five years ago, dear wife,
Twenty-five years to a day,
Since together we stood, before man and God,
And said life's solemnest "Yea:"
Life's solemnest, sweetest "Yea" we said,
For all life's pleasure or pain;
"For better or worse," as the bishop read,—
And to-day we'd say it again.

Twenty-five years!—'Twas the autumn time,
In the Indian summer weather;
And the world was rolled in a mist of gold
As we walked in a halo together;
October's haze, and its haunted days,
And the woods with color glowing,—
Ah that is the time when hearts beat rhyme,
With solemn joy o'erflowing.

But your sunny tresses of chestnut brown
Are a trifle silvered, my dear;
And my raven locks, in their wavy shocks,—
I've done with such boyish gear!

I'm getting above the timber-line,
Where the ice cap gleams o'er the snow;
Though many an older head than mine
Still sweats in the thickets below!

But who are this row of boys and girls,—
Men and women, in stature and pride,—
With sprouting whiskers and silky curls,
Who stand to-day at our side?
They call us "Father" and "Mother," in sooth;
They come at our call, and go;
Where were *they*, when we *two* set out in youth,
Just twenty-five years ago?

And where is he, our invisible one,
Who stands, unseen, at their head,
Their elder and chief, our firstborn son,
Who never, for us, has been dead?
He claims his place by the firstborn's right,
He stands at the head of the line,
In manhood's opening glory and might,
And an angel's beauty divine.

And he bears the name of his proud young sire,
By his glad young mother given;
And when we sing in our family choir,
From the gallery—up in heaven—
His voice floats down till it joins our song,
As an infant's voice no more,
But the bass, or the tenor high and strong,
That they sing on the other shore.

So George, May, John, we muster our band,
With Austie, and Georgie, and Ned;
Our family ladder, here they stand,
Just a step from head to head;

Three boys and three girls, all sound and bright,
How they make the parsonage ring!
With these, dear wife, we are richer to-night
Than many a sceptered king.

Ay, king I am, and this is my realm,
And you are wife, mother, queen;
And you need no crown but your chaste renown,
And your motherly honors, I ween;
For the beauty that mocks at envious time,
The goodness, and love, and truth,
They make wedding bells, in an endless chime,
And the charm of an endless youth.

Some battles we've fought, with what courage we might,
'Gainst the demons of slavery and rum;
For shame on the man who won't fight for the right,
While he prays that God's kingdom may come!
We've tried not to shirk any share of God's work,
Rough or smooth, as it fell to our part;
And we're ready for more, straight on to fourscore,
Still loyal and loving in heart.

This flag of our land, in whose shadow we stand,
As we stood when we plighted our vows
In sad "sixty-one"—now its conflict is done,
To its glory the whole world bows.
Our children shall swell the anthems that tell
Of a nation unbroken and free,
While that banner still waves o'er their ancestors' graves,
Through the long generations to be.

Thus onward we tend to where songs never end,
But we'll sing on our march as we go;
So welcome galore to the tried friends of yore,
And the new friends, whose kindness we know.

To comrades whose calls sound from Zion's high walls,
To comrades of college and quill,
To comrades of toil, from the shop or the soil,
Here's a Hail! with a hearty good will!

Here are letters from East, North, South, and the West,
Breathing love we had never inferred;—
They wish us more joy than tongue ever expressed,
Till with gladness our heartstrings are stirred.
And e'en while we're writing the presents pour in—
My study's a room to go mad in!
The people, to bless me, have said, "Open sesame,"
And looted the cave of Aladdin!

Montezuma'd been spared, had the Spaniard but glared
On spoils that had sparkled like these,—
These linings of gold in white silver enrolled,
Like rubies in foam from the seas!
Ah, shade of John Wesley! I fear thee to-night,
Thou sternest, yet noblest of teachers!
From the arch of the sky I hear thy voice cry:
"What stuff, for my Methodist preachers!"

But ah, Brother John, in that world where you're gone,
The streets that you tread are all golden;
The walls are all gems, and their towers diadems,
For so says your namesake, the olden.
Now, John, 'tis but fair that your brethren should share
Your *practice*, as well's what you talk on;
And 'twere modest, we think, should they sup, eat, and
drink
From mugs like the pavement you walk on!

There may we all join in a song more divine
Than ever earth's bridals repeat,

As we circle Christ's throne in a rapture unknown,
And sing our reunion complete:—
Blest union! when spirits once mated below
Are mated forever above;
And prove, as they blend in a bliss without end,
That God, marriage, heaven, are love.

THE FLIGHT OF THE HAWKS

"Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom, and southward
stretch her wings?"
Is thine the untaught instinct that guides irrational
things?
"Unreasoning" dost thou call it?—then why, when her
prey has flown,
Does the keen hawk plume her pinions, and sail to a
sunnier zone?

One day in my youth I saw them, full sixty years ago:
The earth lay wrapped in the splendor of autumn's
amber glow;
The grand old woods of Ohio waved 'round like a wall
of fire,—
All nature ablaze with the glory of summer's funeral
pyre.

The sun shot his golden shuttles through a web of
purple haze,
With not a cloud in the azure to chill his mellowest
rays;
And I gazed with speechless gladness through the liquid
turquoise skies,
Till a marvelous vision filled me with wonder and sur-
prise.

Up from the North's horizon there rose a broad, brown
band,
That crossed the zenith, stretching south, till heaven's
whole arch it spanned—
A vast and swift procession along th' aerial walks;
A galaxy in motion; an endless river of hawks.

Straight through the trackless ether in line, none wan-
dering,
Hundreds abreast, they sailed and sailed, and not one
flapped a wing;
On viewless tides borne onward in a grand and stately
stream,
Hour after hour that fleet swept past, like phantom
ships in a dream.

Hour after hour, unceasing, through half that autumn
day,
Those weird, sky-voyaging squadrons held on their
rapid way;
Thousands and myriads, moving in perfect rank and
file
Across the open firmament for many an airy mile.

At last, at day's declining, the strong-winged rear guard
came,
Who closed the files and watched with eyes that flashed
in sunset's flame,
To help the weak or straggling, to keep the order true;
And so this winged armada sailed onward out of view.

But evermore, unfading, the memory of that scene
Comes o'er my mind across the lapse of years that inter-
vene; L. of C.

The woods in autumn's glory, the haze, the sapphire
sky,
And the hawks like shining arrows by millions glancing
by.

The vast Canadian forests, from Huron's northern
coast
To Arctic's ice, had mustered their swarms, to swell
that host;
And thus, with course unerring, their southward flight
they steered
To realms of endless summer, in lines that never veered.

O, wondrous birds of heaven, what power your wings
unfurled,
Beyond the airy ocean to seek an unknown world?
What pilot taught your grandsires, ere winter's storm-
bells chime,
To quit their northern birthplace, and find a balmier
clime?

Who marshal all your myriads against the destined
day?
What captain signals "Forward!" and leads himself
the way?
By calendars unfailing, though ages come and go,
As sure as pinks and roses, or frost and whirling snow.

The wild goose drives his wedges that cleave the upper
air,
The wild hawk leads his armies in serried cohorts fair;
O Thou that teachest Nature, teach me to know my
time,
And steer life's voyage mysterious on lofty lines sub-
lime!

THE TEMPEST STILLED

Darkness, and silence, and the sea :
Sublime, serene, mysterious three !
Above, beneath, within, around,
How calm, how holy, how profound !

Gennesaret slumbers like a child
Wearied o'er many a flowery wild,
And all his gamboling ripples rest
On earth's benignant, boundless breast.

And Christ had sent the crowds away
That thronged him all that wondrous day ;
And, as the last dim daylight died,
They launched upon the dusky tide.

But as, with lengthened strokes and strong,
The well-rowed shallop shoots along,
Soothed by the measured, slumb'rous sound,
The Saviour sinks in sleep profound.

Where 'round the stern the eddies curl
With many a soft and whispering whirl,
Stretched on a rower's mat he lies,
While darkness shrouds the shadowy skies.

And now the fair and favoring gale
Invites to spread th' assisting sail,
And soon the little fleet, on wings,
Before the freshening breezes springs.

But lo ! along the inky west
The lightning rims a storm-cloud's breast,
And thunder, faint at first, and far,
Rolls on the ear with deepening jar !

And now the fitful gusts that meet
Slacken, then strain, the rattling sheet:
'Tis furled; the wind, with ominous moan,
Expires in silence, like a groan.

The hardy fishermen with dread
Glance at the sky, now flame, now lead,
And each grips fast his trusty oar,
And leans to catch the rising roar.

It comes! The uproar, wild and hoarse,
Proclaims the hot Levanter's course,
As, like a panther from his lair,
It leaps upon the quivering air!

The thunder bursts with bellowing bound!
Blackness and blaze the skies confound!
The winds like demons scream and rave!
The sheeted foam blends wave with wave!

Instant the slumbering surges rise,
And watery steeps assail the skies!
The shallop, like an eggshell driven,
Now sinks to hell, now shoots to heaven!

Through many a night that stalwart crew
Had mocked the murkiest blast that blew,
Following their rude profession's call;
No night like this among them all.

But while the hovering hosts of hell
On blast and billow 'round them yell,
And mingle sands, and seas, and skies,
The trembling band to Jesus flies.

“Master! we perish! Save us! Save!”

He rose, in aspect grand, but grave,
While 'round his awe-inspiring form
Burst all the blackness of the storm.

“Silence! Be hushed!” The thunder heard,
The tempest trembled at his word;
The winds shrank cowering to their caves,
And ocean slept, with all his waves.

A mighty calm—so soft—so still—
Strange fears his wondering followers fill:
“What man is this? What being, pray?
Whose word e'en winds and waves obey?”

Jesus, when storms our souls assail,
Or sorrows like a sea prevail,
Thy voice with trust our hearts shall fill,
For thou canst bid them, “Peace, be still.”

HAIL TEUTONIA

Hail to Teutonia! one and victorious!
Towering majestic in triumph sublime!
Matchless in war, as in wisdom more glorious,
Dawns with her power a new epoch of time.

Long lay the Fatherland torn and divided,
Prince-ridden, powerless, scoff of her foes;
Austria mocked her, the proud Gaul derided;
Great but ignoble, she dreamed 'mid her woes.

Then pealed from Prussia the tocsin of Union,
Rung by great Bismarck, Cavour of the North;
Wake, brothers! Form for one mighty communion!
Rouse for one Germany great as her worth!

Darkness and Tyranny heard the commotion,
Felt through all Europe the rumbling profound;
'Neath them the peoples, like waves of the ocean,
Heaved, as by earthquakes that roll underground!

Quick! Strike her down! rose the outcry of terror;
Despot and Pope, in alarm at her might,
Mustering their host of oppression and error,
Swore to confound her and whelm her in night!

Forth sprang the Kaiser! Blind bigotry's legions
Swarmed at his mandate, an army of slaves;
Dashed from Sadowa, and shorn of wide regions,
Back rolled his pride to the Danube's dark waves!

Then in his rage rose the fierce Gallic tyrant,
Bully and scarecrow of Europe so long,
Trembling, yet boastful and madly aspirant,
Desperate to rivet his dynasty strong.

"On to Berlin!" shouted France, in her frenzy;
"Woe when a German sways scepter in Spain!"
"France to the Rhine!" cries the Juggler, nor kens he
Ruin and infamy all he shall gain.

Then from the Alps to the free German Ocean,
From the blue Rhine to the Baltic afar,
Swelled like the tide-wave one mighty devotion,
Echoed one thunderpeal, "On to the Saar!"

Up rose Teutonia, steel-clad but beautiful,
Calm-eyed beholding the storm in the West;
Up rose the Fatherland, solemn and beautiful,
Led by the lightnings on Liberty's crest!

"Union and freedom for Germans forever!"

On swept like whirlwinds the watchword divine!

"Never shall tyrants dismember us! Never

Tyrants shall fetter our glorious Rhine!"

"Prussians, Bavarians, Saxons, no longer!

Hanover, Würtemberg, Baden, unknown!

Germany meets the proud foe who would wrong her!

Germans defend her, and *Germans* alone!"

Lo, from the Saar, and the blood-flowing Lauter.

Routed by Steinmetz, brave Charles, and "Our

Fritz,"

Malakoff's hero is driven with slaughter!

Lion Bazaine is imprisoned in Metz!

Strasbourg, beleaguered by cohorts Titanic,

Wrestles in vain with a giant too strong;

Paris, the reveler, shrieks in her panic!

Prussia's black eagles float over Châlons!

Valiant MacMahon, last star of the empire,

Gloriously bleeds a base master to save;

Down go his standards, and with him the Vampire,

Caged like a vulture by Meuse' sullen wave.

Cheers for King William, the soldier's crust sharing!

Cheers for Von Moltke, war's genius supreme!

Cheers for the slain and the living whose daring

Chased Europe's nightmare away like a dream!

"Live the Republic!" through France is now ringing;

Fling the old banner of flame on the breeze!

Anthems of freedom that millions are singing,

Swell from the Alps to the glad Pyrenees!

Wake, halting Spain, for thy Troubler has vanished!
Freedom's voice thrills thee! The hour is divine!
Italy, long from thy glory's home banished,
Up, for the City Eternal is thine!

Freedom for Europe, from Cork to Gibraltar!
Freedom for Europe, from Warsaw to Greece!
Freedom for mind, and for tongue, vote, and altar!
Freedom for millions! Then concord and peace.

God of Teutonia, march with her heroes!
Children of Luther, still Freedom your cry!
Europe, shake off thy Popes, Cæsars, and Neros!
Rise! for God's chariots flash from the sky!

"GRIND YOUR AX IN THE MORNING"

"Grind your ax in the morning, my boy!"
'Twas a gray old woodcutter spoke,
Beneath whose arm, on his backwoods farm,
Had fallen the elm and the oak;
The hickory rough and the hornbeam tough
Had yielded to wheat and corn,
Till his children played 'neath the apple tree's shade,
By the cabin where they were born.

"Grind your ax in the morning, my boy,"
He said to his lusty son;
"Or the hearts of oak will weary your stroke
Long ere the day is done.
The shag-bark's shell and the hemlock knot
Defy the dull, blunt tool;
And maul as you may, you will waste your day
If your strength is the strength of a fool.

“Grind your ax in the morning, my boy,
Bring the hard, bright steel to an edge;
The bit like a barber’s razor, keen,
The head like a blacksmith’s sledge;
And then through maple, and iron wood, and ash
Your stroke resistless shall drive,
Till the forest monarchs around you crash,
And their rugged fibers rive.

“Grind your ax ere the sunrise shine,
With long and patient care,
And whet with the oilstone, sharp and fine,
Till the edge will clip a hair.
And what though you reel o’er the stubborn steel
Till the toil your right arm racks,
Pray, how could you cut the white-oak butt
If you had but a pewter ax?

“Grind your ax and be ready, my lad,
Then afar in the forest glen,
With a steady swing your stroke shall ring,
Keeping time with the stalwart men;
But if you miss your grinding at dawn,
You’ll never know manhood’s joys;
No triumphs for you the long day through;
You must hack the brush with the boys.”

THE DAY OF REST

There is a sweet and holy calm
That hovers o’er this sacred day;—
It steals like winds from groves of balm
O’er pilgrims, in life’s weary way.

The earth seems brighter when the sun
Of Sabbath morning mildly beams;
And lovelier, when his course is run,
The sky of Sabbath sunset gleams.

Peace gathers round the tranquil heart,
While twilight on the world descends;
Ambition, pride, and grief depart,
And heavenward every feeling tends.

Faith kindles in the Christian's soul,
Adoring rapture warms his breast,
His spirit springs to reach her goal,
And longs for her eternal rest.

A SEASIDE BENEDICTION

On this gray and ancient sand-dune,
Hoary as the ocean's foam,
Where the feet of farthest ramblers
Rarely through long summers roam,
With the boundless sky above me,
And the boundless sea before,
All day long I've lain enchanted,
Dreaming on Atlantic's shore.

O'er my head a post oak thicket,
Weird and gnarled and stunted trees,
Shake their crisp and tufted foliage,
Rustling in the summer breeze;
Elfin forest, pigmy giants,
Dwarfed from monarchs, starved of life,
Rugged forms and iron-like fiber,
Scarred with nature's endless strife.

Midmost in this thicket's center
Lies my lair, of hollowed sand;
Not a bed of down could buy it,
Spread and smoothed by fairest hand.
Round me stand my twisted druids,
Murmuring incantations all;
They have sheltered me full often—
Ha! they rustle at my call!

Hard by stands a storm-bent cedar,
Westward bowed by ocean gales;
Strong in age I first beheld him,
Now his fragrant spirit fails.
Sere and brown, a ghost of greatness,
Now he greets my saddened eye;
Summer winds his dirge are sighing;
Lone and old—'twas time to die.

Here, reclined, and gazing skyward,
O'er me bends the crystal dome;
Not a cloudlet spots its azure,
Not a fleck of fleecy foam;
Yonder rolls the violet ocean—
Amethyst pavement, emerald wall,
Sapphire arched, one glorious temple,
One vast worship fills it all!

Hark! The sea breeze wakes the anthem,
Moaning, organlike, and low;
Deepening chords majestic mingle,
Swelling with the tide's full flow.
Snow-white breakers, spotless kneeling,
Lift their liquid hands on high,—
Ocean's diapason, pealing,
Hymns the song of sea and sky.

There the snow-white sea gull, skimming
O'er the whitecaps, swift and bright,
Seems a happy spirit winging
From some far-off world of light;
And yon white sails, red with sunset,
Gleaming far o'er Ocean's breast,
Seem like shining milestones pointing
To bright islands of the blest.

Ah, in such an hour my spirit
Like a tied bird, strains her wing,
Flutters toward her native heaven,
Tugs to snap her earth-bound string;
But the evening zephyrs whisper
Meanings calm and deep for me—
Child of earth, all worlds are heavens,
When thy heaven dwells in thee.

Then a nameless peace, unspoken,
O'er my longing soul comes down,
Full and strong as tides of ocean,
Till all earth-cries sink and drown;
And I kneel, instinctive, reverent,
On the great dune's bosom white,
Bare-browed, both hands lifted heavenward,
Grasping viewless Hands of might.

Hands that soothe me, lift me, thrill me,
More than mortal speech can show;
Giving strength, and rest, that fill me,
Like yon West, with heaven aglow!
Till I rise, refreshed, illumined,
Girt anew for toil or pain;
Wending home by sedge and surf song,
Strong to meet the world again.

MOTHER

At rest at last! The busy, kindly hands,
That from life's loving duties would not rest,
Are idle now; and in soft ruffled bands
Lie meekly folded on her peaceful breast.

The weary feet, that trod life's thorny ways,
That skipped in youth, or walked in queenly prime,
Or halted, lame, through long and painful days,
Have scaled the golden stair, nor ached to climb.

The domelike brow, in wreaths of wavy snow;
The eagle eyes, that never lost their fire;
The nose, that knew its way through weal or woe;
The lips, whose curves spoke mandate or desire;

The mother-heart, a gulf of love unknown,
Soundless and shoreless as her own loved sea;
Th' imperial will, that like a rock alone
Stood in calm strength, as steadfast and as free;

The keen, clear mind, a bow of subtlest steel,
Whose tireless temper never lost its spring;
The taste, so true, all Beauty's power to feel;
The fancy, flashing like a bird on wing;

The ready wit, whose answer never failed;
The zeal for right, that spake out warm and bold;
The glance, at which pretense and shuffling quailed;
The pitying tear, that sparkled as it rolled;

The helpful deed, that went before the word;
The word, that came when action made it strong;
The self-denial done to share the hoard;
The deathless hope; the love that yearned so long,—

Where now are these, that fired this marble form ;
And taught this pallid cheek its mantling blush ?
And where the *faith*, that soared above life's storm,
And brought the Word that bade the tempest
"Hush?"

Our Mother's God, to thee we render back
The soul that taught her seed in God to trust ;
And vast, kind Nature, thou, too, shalt not lack
Thy due from one who loved thee :—Dust to dust !

A WINTER ODE

I saw the fast-descending snow
In solemn silence fall,
And swiftly spread o'er all below
Its all-embracing pall ;
I watched it with expanding soul,
As on my heart its influence stole.

Down from mysterious unknown deeps,
With whirling millions dim,
The flaky swarm unceasing sweeps,
The eddying myriads swim,
Like showers of leaves by rude blasts driven,
Or dizzy, storm-tired bees, at even.

How gently on dry grass and spray
These feathery crystals rest,
And there, how swift they melt away
On the dark torrents' breast ;
And soon cold white oblivion reigns
O'er all the silent fields and plains.

The solemn forest, circling 'round,
A snow-built rampart seems,
With white and spectral turrets crowned,
Like castles seen in dreams;
And giant shadows from the sky
Frown o'er its battlements on high.

Yon Oak, upon the mountain's height,
A crownless monarch stands,
But still he rears his hoary might,
Gnarled arms, and rugged hands,
And braves the gale, and wintry sky,
As erst in centuries gone by.

The hermit Hemlock in the glen,
Stands Nature's priest and seer,
And mourns, as mourns the seer of men,
Above the dying year;
But preaches, in immortal green,
A dead world's resurrection scene.

The moaning wind a requiem sings,
In shrill and ghostly strain,
And phantom hosts, on sounding wings,
Sweep o'er the drift-piled plain;
And clouds of weird and phantom form
Roll onward in the darkening storm.

Oh, not midsummer's liquid arch,
Is this drear waste of gray;
Nor like the rough relenting March,
Or balmy, flower-crowned May;
Nor like October's golden haze,
And mournful, meditative days.

But Winter peals a hymn sublime
To Freedom, through the sky,—
Storm-trumpets, woods, and oceans' chime,
Blent in wild minstrelsy,—
Grand organ-swell at Nature's shrine,
Hymn to eternal Power divine!

O Winter, in thy wildest moods,
I love thy grandeur still;
I roam thy hollow-roaring woods,
Or climb the blast-swept hill,
Or stand entranced where surges pour
Their thunders on the ice-bound shore.

Hail! King of solitude and death!
Thy shadowy scepter sways
Fierce hosts of storms; thy icy breath
The pulse of Nature stays;
But man, through all thy zones, is free,
Thy realms are homes of liberty.

Then let thy white pall wrap the world,
Thy weird hoarse anthems roll,
Thy meteor streamers, high unfurled,
Flash round the midnight pole,
Thy kiss turn stream and lake to stone,
And bite through flesh and nerve and bone.

There comes a day shall end thy reign,
The world shall wake once more,
And summer spread o'er hill and plain
Her smile, from shore to shore;
But men born where stern winter raves
Have ne'er been born a race of slaves.

Hail, Winter! then, a glad All-Hail!
Descend, with all thy storms!
The hearts that breast thy northern gale
Thy breath of Freedom warms;
And freeborn souls thy song shall swell,
And love thee, glorious Winter, well.

THE BLUE WILD ROCKET OF OHIO

(Phlox Divaricata)

Azure angel of the wildwood,
And the meadow, cool and green;
Chosen blossom of my childhood,
Linked with many a joyous scene,
Let me sing thee, not in numbers
Stately with each labored grace,
But with all the joy that slumbers
In my memory's greenest place.

Where the breezy boughs o'erspread thee
By the brooklet's rippling flow,
Through long hours I've lain and read thee,
With a rapture few may know.
Fragile though thy form, and slender,
Modest leaves of velvet touch,
Foliage delicate and tender—
Yet I love thee—Oh, how much!

When the dewdrops gem thee, bending,
Glittering in the morning beam;
Radiance to the valley lending
Fairer than a wood-nymph's dream,

All the airs that fan around thee
Steal a fragrance, ever new;
While the angel-hands that crowned thee
Trace each soft, sky-tinted hue.

Not the Dahlia's flaunting glory,
Not the Amaranth's fadeless flame,
Not Narcissus, famed in story,
Not the Laurel's whispering fame,
For a moment could allure me
From thy humbler, sweeter smile;
Even could prophecy assure me
These should form my wreath erewhile,

All the influence of the beauty
Thou hast made for man's delight;
Bid me cherish, as a duty,
Spirit-sense, and spirit-sight;
And, sweet flower, whene'er I meet thee
May my heart with pleasure thrill,
Even as now, while glad I greet thee,
By this stream, so calm, so still.

OUR FOUR-YEAR-OLD

Black-eyed May is four years old!
What a wonder to be told!
Yet her mother says it's so,—
No disputing that, you know,—
May, come here, you prancing witch;
Four years old, is't? where's my switch?
There, take that, that, that, and that!
Dare you laugh, Miss Pussy-cat?

Dare you roll your roguish eyes,
Winking, squinting, all so wise,
Now at Mamma, now at me,
Now at Johnnie, less than three?
Screaming now for very glee!
Scampering now to bite my knee!
O you vixen!—three feet tall—
“Pa not terrible at all!”

Four years old, and “Papa’s pet;”
Hair and eyes of glistening jet;
Rosy cheeks and dimpled chin;
Puckered mouth, that holds within
“Forty smacks and fifty kisses;”
Heart with childhood’s griefs and blisses
Overrunning all day long,
Now in tears and now in song;
Chattering, clattering, climbing chairs;
Teaching dolls to “say their prayers;”
Drinking tea from thimble cup;
Telling stories “all made up;”
Sewing, sweeping, baking “pies;”
Wants “a doll that rolls her eyes;”
Begs for pennies,—soon want greenbacks—
Cries “Hurrah for Grant and Colfax!”
Sings three hymns and “O Susanna;”
Plays a “tune” on the piano;
Plays croquet, and rolls her ball;
Knows her letters, almost all;
Plays like mouse in Papa’s study;
Ransacks every nook and cuddy;
Goes to infant class fair Sundays;
Talks about it all day Mondays;
Wants “two sticks of chocolate candy;”
Thinks the Grecian Bend unhandy;

Helps Mamma to spools and scissors;
Wants her hair curled up in "frizzers;"
Hunts for toys in Papa's pockets;
Gets up nights to see the rockets;
Thinks it's grand to go to Grandpa's;
Ate "three doughnuts up to Grandma's;"
Yields to Johnnie—"he's a baby;"
Tells what she'll do when "a lady;"
Upstairs, downstairs small feet patter;
All day long the small tongues chatter;
Falls asleep at supper table;
Says "Our Father" best she's able;
"Now I lay me," softly, faintly,
Floats like vespers, sweet and saintly;
"Lord, bless Papa, Mamma, Johnnie,
Lord bless May,"—Ah, lassie bonnie,
God bless thee; and many a year
This glad day and hour appear;
Sorrow smite thee never, never;
Blessings crown thy path forever;
Heaven be thine, and grace to win it;—
May is four years old this minute!

RAVENS AND LILIES

My Lord forbids my anxious care
For what I'll eat, or drink, or wear:
He gives me life, and he can give
The needed means whereby I'll live.

The ravens neither sow nor reap,
No barns their stores for winter keep;
And yet my Father feeds them all—
And will he not hear my low call?

I see each summer's lilies, gay
In more than Solomon's array;
And yet they neither toil nor spin
For robes no mortal wealth could win.

My Father knoweth all my needs—
And shall not he who clothes and feeds
His flowers and birds, in season due,
Supply my wants, and bless me, too?

Be these, O Lord, my food and dress:
Thy kingdom and thy righteousness;
Then what thou seest I need beside,
Thy goodness surely shall provide.

A LAMENT FOR ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Dead! O my sister! Dead?
Dead! with thy song still echoing in our ears?
Shrouded at noon in dark eclipse of tears?
Dead in the warm September of thy years!
Dead—O my sister! Dead?

Dead! Oh, how can it be?
The thought rolls back from my recoiling heart,
Stunned by the shock, and pricked with painful smart;
And tears, like woman's, in their sluices start,
O soul of song, for thee.

The world of song is grieved.
A noble, loving sister of mankind,
Of gentlest heart, and swift, seraphic mind,
Whose kindling words two worlds in union bind,
The heavens have just received.

Where thy own "seraphim,"
Wrapped in the radiant cloud, responsive cry,
Holy! Thrice Holy! Awful God Most High!
And clap their wings in fiery ecstasy,
 Answering the cherubim.

Sing thou with them, and soar.
We, warring yet on the red fields of time,
With sword or song, golden or iron chime,
Shout back the echo of thy clarion rhyme
 In freedom's battle roar!

Soar thou in light, and sing!
For never shall that burning lyre be riven
That here to Freedom, Love, and God was given:
Its strains shall rise acceptable in heaven,
 On holier, rapter wing.

And Italy with flowers
Will wreath thy tomb which her own marble rears,
And pour a royal rain of grateful tears
To keep them fresh in bloom through brightening
 years—

Her pride, England's, and ours.

A PRAYER

My God, I ask alone
Thine utmost will to know;
The path of duty plainly shown,
 In which my feet should go.

Not ease, nor joy, I ask,
Nor worldly hope, nor rest;
Let but thy service be my task,
 And I am fully blest.

If I but see the way
I would not count the cost,
But let me know that, day by day,
My will in thine is lost.

And, when I cannot tell
What thou wouldst have me do,
Help me to wait, till thou reveal
The wise, the good, the true.

This is my only prayer,
This sole request I make;
I bring it to thy feet, and there
Leave it, for Jesus' sake.

SABBATH DAWN IN THE COUNTRY

Sabbath's first hour. Earth sleeps in twilight shade,
Through which the landscape's outline, half concealed,
Is seen, far-stretching toward the circling glade,
Whose columned barrier, 'gainst the sky revealed,
Stands like a shadowy wall, and closes 'round
The wide expanse of hill and slope and dale
Down to the river, that, with scarce a sound,
'Neath lazy mists winds slumbrous through the vale.

No stir, no sound, save distant chanticleer
Piping unfrequent on the listening air:—
Above, through curtains dusk, wide calms appear,
And Phosphor up the east rides bright and fair,
Pouring a tide of silver down the blue;
And low along the verge a lessening row
Of misty bluffs take every rainbow hue,
Dissolving in the gradual opening glow.

Now looming round, disclosing on the sight,
Rise long green hills, with sloping lawns between;
Beyond, the somber woods o'ertop the height;
Erewhile from many a lowly roof between
The blue wreaths, curling, whiten as they spread,
Unfolding dim along the freshening breeze
That fans in bracing coolness 'round my head,
And stirs the pearl-strung branches of these trees.

And now, as wove in air, a broad, bright beam
Shoots crimsoning to the zenith. Far below,
Beneath my feet its image in the stream
Gleams rose-hued, mirrored in the glassy flow.
Now it slides level, and with ruddy fire
Gilds all the hills, the groves, the landscape brown,
Tipping with flame yon towering village spire,
Bathing in splendor all the noiseless town.

Through eastern woods, swayed by the zephyrs' wings,
A shimmering check-work on the lowland plays;
And near me, whistling clear, a lark upsprings,
On dew-gemmed pinions flashing in the blaze.
Now, lost to sight, his warblings reach my ear,
Thrilling my soul responsive to his hymn,
Just as the sun's broad, glowing, golden sphere
Rolls in round grandeur o'er earth's turning brim.

O, Mighty Father, in this solemn hour,
Here let me kneel upon this sun-bathed sod,
And, still with joy and humbled at thy power,
In speechless rapture bless the name of God.
Thine are the even and morn, the Sabbath thine;
From thine own being, both revealing thee;
O, breathe thy nature's Sabbath deep through mine,
And shine with all thy morning now in me.

GILBERT HAVEN

Brave, brilliant, battling spirit, rest at last;
A conqueror, crowned with well-won laurels, rest!
Green grow the sod above thy pulseless breast,
Unthrilled—how strange!—by shrillest trumpet blast.

How strange to think that fiery heart is dead,
'Mongst living millions erst the most alive;
Instinct with all for which earth's noblest strive,
Vital and valiant soul, strong hand, clear head.

Ah, we shall miss him in the vanward fight,
Where clashing hosts hew out man's upward way,
Where evermore toward purer, brighter day,
Rolls on earth's age-long battle for the right.

No knightlier soul e'er wielded battle brand,
Nor drove couched lance through steel-clad ranks
opposed;
And when in righteous peace the conflict closed,
None stretched to vanquished foe a knightlier hand.

Long years he bore reproach for Freedom's cause,
With that brave few who suffered for the slave;
Saw cowards cringe, fools scoff, and tyrants rave.
Stood up! spake out—man's rights, God's changeless
laws!

Stood firm, spake boldly, conquered, mounted higher,
Not by base arts, by impudence and guile,
By bartering plots, nor demagogue's deep wile,
But truth, that maddened foes, set friends on fire!

And so, with pen, tongue, deed, in manful wise,
By noble work he won a noble place,
To guide the Church, to lift a downtrod race,
And preach the grace that gladdens earth and skies.

At last complete he stood, enriched with lore,
With feet that knew the paths of many a clime,
With eyes that saw Art's meaning, soul sublime,
Poet and prophet, trained to toil or soar.

With knowledge ripe that compassed all his age,
With wisdom bold beyond the present's sight,
With wit that flashed a keen but kindly light,
And broad warm humanness, a laughing sage;—

All gifts in one, a gracious manly *man*,
He stood among us, conscious, full, and strong;
A feared and hated foe of every wrong,
A trusted champion in Right's conquering van.

Ay, thus in polished panoply he stood,
Broader than sect or sacerdotal vest,
'Mongst all the brightest, keenest, boldest, best,
In equal and acknowledged brotherhood.

The friend of all who earned or needed friend,
With crest that stooped to none nor eye that quailed,
And dauntless faith in truth that never failed,
But gazed right onward to the far-off end.

Grand, loyal soul, struck down in manhood's might,
Far out on Progress' thinnest skirmish line,
What voice shall ring her watchword clear as thine?
What arm so proudly rear her standard bright?

Ay, crown him victor, hero, patriot, seer!
Let sword and crosier cross above his breast!
Let broad, kind Nature fold her child to rest,
And friend and foe above him drop a tear.

Tears for ourselves, not him. He saw the strife
Of Freedom's agony in glory end.

He heard the clang of broken chains ascend,
And saw dark millions leap to newborn life.

He saw, did well his part, and in full prime
Lays down the battered blade for crown and palm
And enters—passing strange!—that endless calm,
Unshocked for aye by all the storms of time.

O stormless calm! unvexed by strife and wrong,
Serene and smooth abyss of love and light;
When shall we, too, lay down earth's weary fight,
And wake in thee, and join the endless song?

HYMN FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF A CHURCH

With thankful hearts, and souls that burn,
We hail, O God, this day's return;—
The day our fathers joined to raise
A temple to Jehovah's praise.

What griefs, what conflicts, toil, and care,
What faith sublime, what wrestling prayer,
What tears, what triumphs crowned that band
Whose church to-day adorns the land!

But here, O God, they proved thy grace;
Thy footsteps made a glorious place;
Here sinners wept, and saints adored,
And shouting Israel praised her Lord!

Here, then, our grateful gifts we'll bring,
Our hearts and offerings to our King;
We'll crowd thy courts, our vows to pay,
On Zion's anniversary day.

And when, at last, we sleep in dust,
Be thou, O Lord, our children's trust!
Here be a seed to serve our God
While ocean rolls or earth is trod!

Here be God's word proclaimed and taught;
Here ransomed souls to Christ be brought;
Here anthems swell, and prayer ascend,
Till earthly songs and Sabbaths end!

And, O, when earthly temples fall,
When quick and dead shall hear thy call,
Then, Lord, may sires and children rise
To throng thy temple in the skies!

CONQUER AND REST

Why not learn to conquer sorrow?
Why not learn to smile at pain?
Why should every stormy morrow
Shroud our way in gloom again?

Why not lift the soul immortal
Up to its angelic height—
Bid it pass the radiant portal
Of the world of faith and light.

Oh! there is another being
All about us, all above,
Hid from mortal sense or seeing
Save the nameless sense of love.

Not the love that dies like roses,
When the frost-fire scathes the sod,
But the eternal rest that closes
Round the soul that dwells in God.

Into this great habitation
Never tear or sorrow came,
Oh! it is the new creation,
God its light, his love its flame.

Up, O soul! and dwell forever,
On this hidden, glorious shore;
Chilled by cloud-shade never, never,
Up and dwell for evermore.

THE TRINITY

God is my glorious Father;
My soul falls down before him,
And every hour, with every power,
I worship and adore him.
I meet him every moment,
Behold him, breathe him, feel him,
And all that is, all mysteries
In earth or heaven, reveal him.

Christ is my wondrous Saviour;
His love, beyond all measure,
Fills all my breast with heavenly rest,
And drowns all earthly pleasure;
And deep through all my being
A sanctifying river,
The quickening flood of Jesus' blood,
Flows sweetly, and forever.

The Holy Ghost, all-vital,
An atmosphere around me,
My soul inhales till utterance fails,
And fades the world that bound me;
And awe and joy o'erwhelming,
A weight of things eternal,
Stops every sense, and bears me hence
In visions sweet, supernal.

The Trinity; the unit
Threefold, Power, Love, Existence;
Above, abroad, one living God,
The soul of all subsistence;
Mine! mine! my life! my Author!
My breath thy love's rehearsal,
In thee I rise, live through the skies,
And touch the Universal.

BLISSFUL DYING

"Oh, is't not almost over? Beyond earth's tearful skies,
On glory-tides, unspeakable, upborne in bliss I rise!
Before my soul a formless flame like noonday burns
unknown.

O dread, O glorious approach! It is, it is the throne!

"There is no valley. Not a shade of death surrounds
my way;

On broad, bright beams my tranquil soul rides upward
into day!

There are no tears now to be wiped; tears are forever
done;

For tears, like dew, dissolve when kissed by love's
eternal sun.

“O wondrous grace! Th’ Almighty God, so near, so
good to me!
Can this be death? Then thanks to God, who gives us
victory!
No fear of death, fear cannot be! Oh, welcome, glad
release!
Jesus is peace!” From heaven’s gate we caught: “Jesus
is peace!”

DANIEL CURRY

“Dead?”—Curry fallen?—the veteran vanquished?—
Curry the warrior, renowned and revered?
Who, when in fetters God’s dark children languished,
Smote, till foes hated, philanthropists cheered?

Fallen! our champion! Ajax and Nestor!
He who in battle wrong’s panoply clove!
He who in counsel was argument’s master!
He who in presence was godlike as Jove!

Stilled is the tongue of the matchless debater;
Fall’n from his hand its proud scepter, the pen;
Silent our Zion’s supreme legislator,
Leader and ruler and molder of men.

Low lies that head, like a thundercloud lifted;
Eyes like twin lightnings that glittered below;
Brow like a crag with thought’s fires seamed and rifted,
Dazzling ’neath drifts of perpetual snow.

Clear of the clearest, and strong of the strongest,
True of the truest and bravest of brave;
Oak on the hills that stood stoutest and longest,—
Gone with a crash, to its mates—in the grave!

Brave? Ay, and tender. The hot blood that bounded,
Firing his pulses with wrath at the wrong,
Cooled when oppression and error lay grounded,
Gushed into friendship, or thrilled at a song.

“Entrance abundant!” “Well done, valiant spirit!”
“Drop dinted shield, battered helmet and sword!
Palm, crown, and harp, and white robe, now inherit,
Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!”

A SEPTEMBER SONG

The sad September sobs along the sea;
The wave curls darkly with a sound of dread;
The breaker moans around as for the dead;
And all the ocean sighs a dirge to me.

The sweet September sleeps along the shore,
Drunk with the breath of thousand summer flowers;
But all are faded from their greenwood bowers,
And summer dies as all have died before.

Where are the summers of ten thousand years,
Their golden light, their tribes of living things
That bloomed, or crept, or basked on silken wings,
Then perished with their cares, delights, and fears?

Where are the countless millions of green leaves,
That budded, whispered green, then died in flame,
Chased by the lonesome winds, till soft snows came,
Mourning in white—the hue when Nature grieves?

Gone, gone! Unnumbered summers, as the past,
Ages of sunshine, fragrance, leaves, and bloom—
O Earth, thy broad warm breast is still the tomb
Of all thy children, as of this, thy last.

Of all? Why then the joys, the pangs of birth,
Plowed with keen frosts, satiate with summer showers,
Teeming with harvest's raptures through glad hours
And sun-bright months—to be a grave, O Earth?

Nay, not of all, O Earth; thy forms, though fair,
Are but the molds of clay for things of thought
Fairer, diviner, lovelier than e'er wrought
By all the witchcraft of thy summer air.

WHEN THE GOOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL DIE

When the good and the beautiful die,
The noble, true-hearted, and brave;—
When the spotless and lovely must lie
In the cold and unanswering grave;—
Ah, then how our spirits sink down,
With anguish unspeakable pressed,
Till we long, with our loved ones alone,
In their sorrowless silence to rest.

We robe them in purity's white,
And twine sweetest flowers in their hair,
The lily's pure chalice of light,
And roses so fragrant and fair:
We sing them the songs that they loved,
We kiss them, and lay them away,
To rest, till the rocks be removed,—
To slumber forever and aye.

Oh say, can it be they are gone?
That we'll see their dear faces no more?
That the light of their presence has flown,—
Their voices?—the smiles that they wore?

Oh say, will they never return
To gladden our lives with their charms,
Though our longing hearts languish and yearn,
And we stretch empty, hungering arms?

Be still, pining spirit, be still;
And aching heart, cease from thy pain:
The All-Father worketh his will,
And why should his children complain?
And when, on some pure, peaceful shore,
The good and the beautiful meet,
Earth's partings shall then be no more,
And bliss shall be boundless,—complete.

MINNIE MAY

Where the footfalls of the sunshine
Bend the violets at noon,
When the joy of May is deepening
To the lush delight of June;
Where the brooklet tinkles softly,
And the winds are warm and glad,
And the whistle of the thristle
Sinks to sweetness almost sad;
In this spot, serene and hidden,
Nigh the lakelet's silver sweep,
In her bright young beauty faded,
Minnie May lay down to sleep.

Minnie May, the gentlest creature
That the sunshine ever knew,
With the sweetest soul and truest,
Quivering in her eyes of blue;

With the brightest smiles and gladdest
Ever flitting o'er her face;—
But the tenderest grief and saddest
Came like cloud-shade in their place.

At the first one scarce could see it,
And the dream so slowly came
That we quite forgot to wonder
When she ceased to heed her name.
But when deeper grew her musing,
Oft and oft we saw her stand
As if gazing in abstraction
O'er a far and radiant land;
As if gazing on and outward
Over all earth's shadows dim,
Where the visions of the sun-land
In eternal glory swim.
Where the stir of blissful being
Trembles warm through all the skies;—
And the splendor, O the splendor!
O the light of Paradise
That came down sometimes upon her—
Down through all her soul and frame!
In such trances what the marvel
That she heeded not her name?

But her eyes grew slow and deeper,
Full of shadow like the night;
And we saw her fading, sinking,
Till our hearts ached at the sight.
Yet she never, never told us,
And we never, never asked;
But she knew how much we loved her,
While her breaking heart was tasked

Till its yearnings and its strivings
Slowly severed all life's trust,
And she turned away and left us,
And lay down to sleep in dust.

Left us! O our hearts clung to her!
Clung and bled in that sad hour;
But her faith o'erlooked the river,
And the vision brought a power
That uplifted all her spirit,
Springing into life sublime,
Soaring gloriously and gladly
O'er the tearful trysts of time.

Minnie May is in the sun-land,
And no more she stands and sighs;
But the shadows all are lifted
From her heart and from her eyes.
And while here we oft sit musing
At the golden shut of day,
Still we see her, still we love her,
Our lost angel, Minnie May.

JOHN McCLINTOCK

Not as the hero, borne down in the battle,
Where the red slaughter-stream crimsons the sod,
'Mid the drum's roll and the musket's fierce rattle,
Falls the high chief in the armies of God.

Not as the monarch, the ruler of nations,
Struck from dominion, and grandeur, and pride,
Mourned by broad realms with commanded oblations,
Falls he—a spirit with empire as wide.

Soft stole the morning through groves that he
cherished,

Gilding the halls brighter lit by his name,
Gleaming, unconscious their beauty had perished,
Gleaming, to brighten for aye with his fame.

There fell the Mighty, our Crown and Completeness,
Eagle, and Lion, and Nightingale blent;
So on Gilboa lay Israel's Sweetness,
Glory, and Pride, when war's fury was spent.

Mourn him!—Weep, scholars and sages, a brother
Passed from your calm, high communion, above;
Peer of your proudest, now hailed in another
Sinless, immortal Olympus of love.

Mourn him!—Weep, patriots, one who when dangers,
Blackness, and shame 'round our banner were cast,
Bore it aloft 'mid the hissing of strangers,
Gallantly, gloriously, through to the last.

Mourn him!—Weep, Church of his heart, through thy
borders
Tearfully seeking a champion like this—
Wesley, Clarke, Watson, now hail him, 'mid orders,
Matchless, angelic, in glory and bliss.

Mourn him!—O brothers, earth's choicest and finest,
Spirits attuned to the rhythms of the skies,
Call forth your noblest, your ripest, divinest,
Bid for your equal fit requiem rise.

Father! my Father! the chariot of Israel,
Fire-horsed hath snatched thee to visions unknown;
God show us him on whose shoulders thy mantle fell!
God cleave this Jordan!—Our souls walk alone!

INSPIRATION

The *feeling* is the *aura* of the *thought*,
An atmosphere forethrown upon the heart,
Of quickening heat-rays, glowing as they dart,
Arriving ere their fountain-beam is caught,
And kindling all the soul with flame unsought;
This, *this* is *inspiration*. When it comes,
Bright emanation all the mind illumines,
Tremulous with impulsions it has brought.
Then take thy pen; be calm; the thought shall soon
Rise, slow, full-orbed upon thy spirit's sight,
Sphered, luminous, forthshaped from formless light,
Grand, clear, and burning as the blaze of noon:
Then, while rapt thoughts flash fast and broad and
bright,
And dreams creative life in glory round thee, *Write!*

1791—JOHN WESLEY—1891

Unanimous man! One mind, not two, or three,
'Twixt varying toils, and lives diverse, divided;
A focused soul! One thing to know, do, be;
All powers, as in a lens, converged, decided!
Then what though hated, scorned, defamed, derided;
The scoff, as erst the idol, of the schools;
The rage of mobs, the butt of wits and fools;
But joy of millions to salvation guided!
And what though honors, miters, ne'er betided?
What king to-day such world-wide empire rules?
Where India scorches, or Alaska cools,
Where'er the system and the song have glided?
The secret, plain,—one path unfaltering trod!
One high, strong, strenuous soul *unanimous with God!*

DUTY

Duty is joy; there is no joy beside;
Life hath no meaning till the truth we know,
And all our years but mock us as they go,
Like painted bubbles on a summer tide,
Unless we learn this lesson: with this guide
All paths grow smoother, and all burdens light,
All grief is blessing, and all darkness bright,
And though each dear delight should be denied,
Each sorrow doubled, every rapture fly,
And all life's verdure withered into dust,
Yet he who treads in high, unfaltering trust
The path of duty, travels toward the sky;
And strength, and peace, and joy on earth are his,
And death but bids him live, in heaven's eternal bliss.

VICTORIA MAGNA

Regina, Imperatrix! Empress, Queen!
Woman and Wife and Mother! Great in all!
Victoria Magna! All great women fall
Homaging her, and own their honors mean!
The cradle lent the crown a brighter sheen;
The spotless woman purged an empire's life,
And raised the song of peace above the strife
Of booming guns—an angel's voice between.
And arts and song beneath her scepter throve,
And common rights of man, and commonweal,
Till loyal love, with more than bonds of steel,
Bound zones and climes, that in proud union strove.
That empire stands because *Victoria* reigned,
And at her loss the reverent world is pained.

EDWARD VII

Rex, Imperator. Emperor and King!
Victoria the Great, Albert the Good,
Blend in their son their talents and their blood;
Edward the Wise! Scepter and signet ring
And crown and purple all their glories fling
Round him who long has walked in modest guise,
Calm, prudent, loyal, steadfast, in men's eyes,
And filled a trying place, un murmuring.
The mightiest empire history has shown
Waits loftier inspiration from his word,
And world-wide Civilization's soul is stirred
To wish him greatness, goodness, yet unknown!
O King of kings, hold thou his right hand firm!
With thee, a hero—without thee, a worm!

SONG

Oh when the blissful agony of song
Doth flash upon me like a lightning arrow,
Thrilling like fire through brain and heart and
marrow,
I feel supernal pressure on me, strong,
Mystic, and swift, that startles all my soul
Into a rapture which the gods might claim,
And mortals have no utterance to name;
And when it lifts me with sublime control
I feel immortal; all the might of Jove
Seems poured upon my spirit, and a joy
Solemn and grand doth every sense employ,
Whose strength is thought, whose atmosphere is love;
But language may not tell it, words are dumb,
And utterance only mocks the ecstasies that come.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

Light of the Kosmos! Reason, Cause
Of all that is, below, above,
Center and spring of life and love,
And Lord of love's eternal laws;

One world of thine we dimly scan,
And own it full of wrong and woe;
We know not why it should be so,
Nor why should sin thy offspring, man.

We know we sin. Through mind and heart,
Through soul and sense defilement stains;
The good in us is bound in chains
Whose links we will not rend apart.

And darkness, vast and dense and sad,
Hangs o'er us all, a tearful cloud;
Each heart with aching throbs aloud,
With none, none, none to make us glad.

What, none? Nay, nay! O thou Divine!
Thou Light of worlds! We see thee stand
'Mid suns abashed on either hand,
O'erawed we see thee stand and shine!

Thou shin'st for us! In mortal frame,
With mortal weakness compassed 'round,
In thee, and thee alone, were found
Love's spotless light and scathless flame!

Thou shin'st in us! Truth's crystal ray
From thee, thyself the truth who art,
Fills reason's eye and passion's heart,
And lifts us toward thy nameless day.

Thou shin'st through us! From man to man,
From age to age, from race to race,
Thy broadening beams our darkness chase,
To crown with light what light began.

As truth and love took human mold
To touch and teach, and save at first,
So still, from soul to soul, as erst,
Must goodness win its way, and hold.

Our goodness thou, our love and light,
In us set up thy kingdom soon;
Shine, shine to boundless, blissful noon,
To noon that knows nor shade nor night.

HEPATICAS

A bronzed hepatica I found one day
Beneath a rock beside a frozen brook:
I broke the ice and bore the plant away
To blossom in my study's sunniest nook;
And as I wrought with pen, or pored on book,
I watched its stem shoot upward green and gray,
Until it burst its downy buds, and shook
A violet sheaf that made my dull room gay!

E'en thus does Nature her true lovers pay,
In wood, or stony waste, or boggy fen,
Or captured to adorn the homes of men,
And with pure beauty mock life's cares, and say:
"Through frost and ice I bring you spring's first
smile;
To brighten one brief hour were well worth while."

LOVE

Love is a nectar sweeter than the dew
That on Hymettus evermore distills,
And drops from all its rocks in honeyed rills;
Love's ecstasies are still forever new,
And while its flame is mutual, pure and true,
It bathes the spirit in such rapture streams
As deify the heart with angel-dreams
And all its fires and energies renew,
Pouring a golden glory over earth.
Then all that meets our eyes or warms our hearts
A new, mysterious meaning still imparts,
That gives to constant springs of rapture birth.
Ah, 'tis earth's sweetest and supremest bliss!
And time hath no such joy as love's first conscious kiss.

MOONRISE

The fair, full moon, above the eastern hill
Glow through the tree-tops like a golden shield!
How swift she mounts the cloudless azure field—
How her broad beams the whole wide valley fill!
How, in her light, the bustling world grows still,
And all the sounds of toil and traffic cease,
And Care unknits his brow, in sweet release,
And cot and mansion with home pleasures thrill.
Now lovers stroll, and list the whip-poor-will,
And crooning mothers sing their babes to sleep;
A drowsy silence falls on mart and mill;
Study and sick-room, only, vigil keep;
The chimneys' smoky banners all are furled,—
The moon looks down upon a slumbering world.

APRIL

My heart is swelling like these April buds,
Longing to burst in May and leafy June;
For spring has come, and loosed the frozen floods,
And green grass shoots, and birds will warble soon.
But in my deepest heart a sweeter tune
Than Nature's voice can utter sings and sings,
And something in me struggles to take wings
And mount in rapture through the vernal noon.
O, lovely world! O, blissful gift of life!
Welcome, brown earth, from snow's chill mantle free!
Hail, season blest, with song and gladness rife,
When mere existence is pure ecstasy!
Sure in this universe, with all its pains,
Love lives in all that is, and goodness reigns.

MAY

The first of May! woods and a rocky shore;
South winds from Eden o'er a sea of glass;
Earth velvet-carpeted with emerald grass;
The wooded ground with wild flowers spangled o'er,
Anemones, hepaticas, and store
Of yellow adder's-tongue, and violet blue,
And clustered pepper-root, besprent with dew,
And bloodroot's spotless chalice, pure from gore,
And frail spring beauties, delicate and sweet,
And nodding columbine with scarlet glow,
And countless things all bursting into blow,
The vernal queen of all the year to greet.
Ah me! the very ground seems all alive!
The fossils in these rocks almost revive!

OCTOBER

October walks the world in green and gold,
Queen of the solemn, meditative days;
And o'er the dreamy landscape, fold on fold,
She hangs her misty veil of purple haze,
Tempering the yellow sun's congenial rays,
Mantling the world in mystery untold;
While Autumn's leafy vesture still displays
The hues that, age on age, have ne'er grown old.
Oh, nameless witchery of the fading year,
Whose annual spell on zones and nations falls!
Whose changeless charm, ere Winter's advent drear,
The souls of generations still enthralls!
Teach me, kind Nature, to grow old like thee,—
All ripeness, beauty, peace, tranquillity.

A WINTER NIGHTFALL

December's eve! Thin snow on frozen grounds;
The woods and bushy slopes are brown and bare;
A breathless hush oppresses all the air,
And leaden skies hang low with gloom profound.
The careful farmer walks his evening round
To see that flocks and herds are all secure,
Sends food and fuel to the anxious poor,
Then shuts the door, with far-off, smothered sound.
So ends the day, and man and nature wait
The gathering snow, whose silent, ceaseless fall,
Like th' wool-shod footsteps of avenging fate,
Shall soon in white oblivion bury all.
E'en so, prepared, may I await the gloom
When ends life's day in darkness and the tomb.

A FRIEND

"Friend" I have called thee. By that sacred name
Was he who trusted God renowned of old;
And in all ages souls of tested gold
Have joyed to own the pure and mutual claim
Of spiritual friendship. Not the flame
That Passion kindles; nor the nameless glow,
Sweetly through all the soul dissolving slow,
When Love's ethereal fire enwraps this frame;
Not these, but something gentler, calm, refined,
Unselfish and exalted, that we feel
Like spring's returning sunshine o'er us steal,
Awakening hope and strength through heart and mind.
Divinest compound! None but heaven could blend
The rest and comfort breathed in that word "Friend."

FOR ELIZA

What is this long-forgotten, new delight?
This rich, this deep, delicious, rapturous feeling?
That comes so sacredly and sweetly stealing
Through all my being, like supernal light;
Diffusing sunny radiance, soft and bright,
Like summer sunshine, warming all my soul,
That, like a flower, obeys its sweet control,
Till this sad heart, long chilled in gloomy night,
Expands, and opens all its barred recesses;
And hails with grateful joy the genial ray
That long unheeded shone, while yet it lay
In icy darkness, but which now it blesses,
As sent by heaven's own favor from above
To cheer my life once more, with the dear bliss of love.

I. TO A BLONDE

O maid with eyes of heaven's own blue,
And amber tresses of pale gold;
With cheeks of pink and snowy hue,
And lips—a rose-bud half unrolled:

No mystery haunts thy words or ways,
Thy clear, frank face, thy cloudless look;
Heaven's honest sunshine 'round thee plays,
Thy thoughts are some fair, open book.

Thy foot is like the springing fawn
That clears on wing the dewy ground;
Thy song is like the lark's at dawn,
That warbles gladness all around.

Through gold-haired Greek, and Saxon strong,
Thy royal lineage runs, refined;
The high-born hate of shame and wrong,
The truth and honor of the mind.

The true, warm heart, the generous hand,
The guileless, patient, constant soul;—
Ah, these are thine!—Love's golden band
But weds and welds the priceless whole.

II. TO A BRUNETTE

O maid of deep, dark lustrous eyes,
And silky braids of shining jet;
With cheek where dusk with damask vies,
And lips like cherries, dewdrop wet:

I catch thy languid, melting gaze,
Thy clear voice, neither low nor loud;
The subtle flame that 'round thee plays,—
Sheet lightning in a twilight cloud.

Thy noiseless footfall, like a throb,
Beats rhythmic as a woodland lyre;
Thy song is like a spirit's sob,
A waft of elemental fire.

The brown, wild man of eons flown
Still tingles in thy mantling blood,
A haunting presence, weird, unknown,
An old stock in the cultured bud.

Avaunt! Vain dreams of ethnic lore,
That set sense, reason all awlirl!
Ye fade like April fogs before
One warm, live, laughing, loving girl!

"BREAKING THE ICE"

A WINTER IDYL

'Twas the touch of mild weather that midwinter brings,
The old-fashioned Jan'ary thaw,
When snow-banks, like frozen-up lovers, relent,
By nature's mysterious law.

The parson was breaking the ice at his gate—
Forty, and frosty, was he—
When blue-eyed Jeannie came tripping that way—
Twenty, and pretty, was she.

The parson he greeted the lamb of his fold,
As cordial as parson could be;
But over the way her blue eyes strayed,
And why, it was easy to see;

For Jerry was breaking the ice at the church—
Twenty-two, and handsome, was he;
And Jeannie (with Ida to shield her from harm)
Had errands to Jerry, had she.

So they crossed, and she took the pick from his hand,
And merrily struck a brave blow,
Then held her dainty red mitten for pay,
And laughed till her cheeks were aglow.

And the parson whispered, "She's 'breaking the ice,'
To help bashful Jerry along:
If the ice in his heart doesn't break for that,
It must be uncommonly strong."

So the parson kept thoughtfully picking away,
And he mused, "Ah! isn't it nice,
When a laughing girl, with her heart in her eyes,
Helps her lover to 'break the ice!'"

And he sighed, "Ah! were I but young once more!
But Jeannie, she wouldn't be here.
Ah, well, the next best thing is a fee—
They'll send for me in a year.

"They'll send for me. 'Tis the old, old tale
That started in Paradise;
And the sweetest remnant of Eden that's left
Is loving—and 'breaking the ice.'"

THE NORTHING SUN

Backward from Capricorn the northing sun
Speeds his returning journey. Day by day
A whole diameter he wins his way.
His kindling beams along the mountains run,
Proclaiming Winter's terrors well-nigh done,
His icy empire yielding. Warmer beams
Unlock the fetters of the frozen streams,
That leap and shout to hail their freedom won!
Ah, 'tis the earth herself her broad breast rolls
Nearer and nearer toward that central blaze
That wraps her zones in its all-quickenning rays,
And bathes in summer her alternate poles!
So thou, my soul, from dark, cold paths perverse
Turn toward that Sun who warms the Universe!

THE SOUTHING SUN

O southing sun, I watch thee, morn by morn,
Farther and farther from our regions steer;
Leaving our brief day frozen and forlorn,
To face another winter's terrors drear.
But ah, another far-off hemisphere
Now hails with joy thy life-enkindling rays,
And hastes through blooming flowers with blithesome
cheer,
To high midsummer's long and luminous days.
Hence that all-perfect Providence I'll praise
That guides the wide world's seasons as they roll,
Whose goodness never fails, nor wisdom strays,
But spreads impartial good from pole to pole;
An orb whose beams, O wintry sun, like thine,
Are nearest, oft, when least they seem to shine.

A DREAM OF YOUTH

My boyhood years came back once more in blissful
dreams last night,
And all their scenes around me rose in calm, unclouded
light;
I saw my old Ohio home, and trod my father's farm,
Where each dear object wore, for me, its old, unchang-
ing charm.

The orchard, on the southward slope, dropped nectar, as
of old;
The cornfields waved along the plain, a sea of bending
gold;
The brook ran murmuring through the vale, and
mocked the idle mill,
The sun-bathed woods beyond flung down their shadows
from the hill.

The hewn-log schoolhouse, low and broad, stood where
the crossroads met;—
I'd cross the continent to see that schoolhouse standing
yet!—
With long, low windows, broad-axed floor, and desks
around the wall,
The early settlers' college, church, and courthouse, free
for all.

In dreams I ciphered at my desk, or, in the long "first
class,"
Spelled words of many syllables, beside a dark-eyed lass
Who would not spell the word I missed, although she
knew it, well;—
She ne'er was known to miss, save then, as all the school
could tell!

'Twas there the circuit riders preached, upon the holy
day,
And Sundays 'twixt the preaching days the brethren
met to pray;
And there the great revival came, when scores found
peace untold:
A troop of youths, and she, and I, were happy in the
fold.

And then the new, white church arose, a wonder far
and near;—
I preached my maiden sermon there, 'twas in my fresh-
man year;—
But fields and woods and winds and skies were my best
teachers then,
And still they rule my heart, far down beyond the love
of men.

And then in dreams I roamed once more the holy
autumn woods,
While through their aisles the sunshine streamed in
soft transfigured floods;
I climbed the upland path, and gazed with rapture's
nameless pain,
Through autumn's golden mists, afar o'er all the purple
plain.

The autumn winds breathed low and sweet, the brook
below ran still,
The white home of the maid I loved shone from the
other hill;
I knew not how, but, in my dreams, I passed her garden
gate,
And down the lawn, where oft we strayed, I moved, as
borne by fate:

Moved from, not toward her home,—that house was
burned long years ago;
The statelier pile that crowns the spot is not the house
I know;—
But in my dreams I saw not her, she chid my boyish
pleas,
And we, like parted ships, since then have sailed wide-
sundered seas.

And then I sought the place of graves, the graves of
boyhood friends,
Embalmed in memory, radiant still in youth that never
ends;
My godly father's sacred dust, my brother, fair and
young,
I stood above them as when first my heart with grief
was wrung.

And lovely maids I knew slept there, and proud and
manly forms,
And hoary heads of patriarchs, bent down by life's long
storms;
The bold and hardy pioneers, the heroes of their day,
Who braved the wild-man, and the wolf, and hewed an
empire's way.

Then, in my dream, I passed from these, and from all
haunts of men,
And took my boyhood paths, that led through nature's
wilds again;
My rifle glittered, as of old, to aid the wild-wood's
charm,
But not a wild-wood creature died, nor fled, nor felt
alarm.

I paced once more my father's oak, and spanned its
mighty zone,
The monarch of the forest realm, majestic and alone;
I gazed far up that giant shaft, that dwarfed the
sapling glades,
Nor deemed the Druid erred, who reared his altars in
such shades.

And then I roamed the prairie wide, and from its
emerald isles
I watched its billowy verdure roll, and flash the sun's
broad smiles;
I watched the blue sky bending down, a dazzling dome
sublime,
Where snow-white clouds sailed on, like fleets, unrocked
by storms of time.

I heard the winds go murmuring through the rustling
oaks o'erhead,
And now they swelled to organ tones, now sighed, and
now were dead;
The wild-flowers breathed their souls in sweets, the wild-
birds warbled clear,
And all the conscious air confessed the God of nature
near.

Then prone I fell, with arms outstretched in longing,
voiceless prayer,
To clasp and compass Him who dwells in fullness
everywhere;
Whose throne is on the winds and clouds, whose smile
the sunshine thrills,
Whose being bears and bathes the world, and floods the
souls he fills.

AN INDEPENDENCE ODE

Day of the Ages! Grandest day of time!

Brightest and foremost on the roll of glory!

Well may thy birth be chronicled in story,
And hailed in loftiest song, with strains sublime,

With choral anthems, and the tuneful chime

Of voices answering from a thousand lands,

Like roar of ocean on a thousand strands,

Until the deepening dithyramb shall climb

Up to the mountains, and the clouds on high

Roll back the chorus from the vaulted sky!

Day of our country!—Proudest of all lands!—

With joy we hail once more thy bright returning,

With grateful jubilee, and glad hearts burning,

With words of cheer, and smiles, and grasping hands,

With bells, and drums, and tramp of martial bands,

And cannon-thunders, uttering to the world

How once the tyrant from our shores was hurled,

And how unchallenged still the record stands

That bids the world behold our joy, and see

The land self-governed is the land most free.

Day of Deliverance! Man had labored long,

Toiling through night and gloom and storm and
sorrow,

Still fondly yearning toward some brighter morrow,

Yet crushed and trampled by gigantic wrong.

But ever, as his struggling soul grew strong,

From each defeat he rose with might renewed,

And like the Phoenix with fresh life endued;

While Hope, unquenched, still pointed far along

Down Time's dim vista, where a kindling ray

Of dawning Freedom augured glorious day!

Day of Fruition! Not for one glad hour,
Not for one narrow clime, or tongue, or race,
Burst thy broad splendor on the world's dark face,
Quickening her pulse to heroic power!
Thine is a fadeless, all-inspiring dower
Of hope and strength for universal man!
Nor seas nor zones alone thy fame shall span,
But age on age, thy grandeur still shall tower,
Till up through prayers and tears and blood and
 strife,
God lifts the world to Freedom's heaven-born life.

NOT TO THE WISE

Not to the swift, the strong, the wise,
Life's race, its battle, or its prize;
But time and chance, for great and small,
Oft shape the lot and fate of all.
So sang of old the royal sage
Whose wisdom lights earth's farthest age,—
A wisdom oft since then fulfilled
By souls in wisdom little skilled,
As one small tale my muse can tell
Shall show,—a case I knew full well.

One day along a lakelet's shore
Stood skillful fishers half a score,
With rods elastic, strong, and true,
Cane, lancewood, greenheart, split-bamboo;
With polished reels of rare designs,
And waxed and braided silken lines;
With hooks, snells, flies, spoons, spinners, troll,
Enough to warm old Walton's soul,

Enough to crown the dying wish—
The most æsthetic pride of fish:
'Twere luxury to be caught so finely,
And die, entangled so divinely!

And so those fishers, thus equipped,
Along that lakelet's margin tripped,
And fished. They cast, trolled, skittered, played,
Changed baits and styles for light or shade,
Fished deep, fished shallow, fast or slow,
Tried all the arts that anglers know
For pike or pickerel, bass or trout,
For eel or sucker, perch or pout,
Nor chub, nor shiner, would they flout:—
They fished in vain! The "wind was east,"
The "air too clear," the "shad-blows ceased,"
The "moon was wrong," "the sun too bright,"
Alack! "Poor day!" "Fish would not bite!"

A ragged, barefoot boy then came
To try his hand 'mongst men of fame;—
A freckled, frowsy, shock-head brat,
In tattered trousers, shirt, and hat,—
All much bepatched, and holes at that!—
Tow-string suspenders, face besmut;—
A broken, cast-off, cane pole's butt
His fishing rod, and for his line
Some knotted bits of hempen **twine**:
A cork, a nail, a rusty hook
Scarce fit for gudgeons of the brook,
And strung thereon a vulgar worm
So nearly drowned it scarce could squirm;
Such was the fisher, such his kit,—
A ready butt for sportsmen's wit.

"Hello! Young cub!" they jeering shout,
"Say, does your mother know you're out?
Don't wade in there, you little sinner!
You'll make a snapping turtle's dinner!"

Heedless of jests the youngster stood
Just in the margin of the flood,
And just beyond the flags and weeds
He cast his hook for "punkin-seeds,"
The little sunfish of the shore,
All boyhood's game,—nor dreamed of more.

Just then a great pike of the lake,—
Fond as a Frenchman of frog-steak,—
Seeking his supper, chanced to pass
Along that marge of reeds and grass,
And saw the worm, and, scornful, said,
"To hunger even a worm is bread.
Since all those fishermen came here
There's not a frog nor shiner near.
I've searched the lower depths and upper
In vain to find a bite for supper.
With all their wading, splash, and play,
E'en toads, snakes, newts are scared away;
Young ducks and goslings all are fled,—
Not even a tadpole shows his head;
It's come to worms!"—The watchful boy
Saw his cork dive, and "jerked" with joy.
"Too quick!" "Too strong!" "Unsportsmanlike!"—
No doubt,—but still he hooked the pike!

At once there came the mighty lunge!
The headlong rush, the broach and plunge!
The burnished armor's sunlight flash!
The glaring eyes, the snap and gnash!

The furious flurry, flounce and dash!
The leap and dive and dart and whirl
Till all was foam and boil and swirl!
No hundred yards of waxed silk line,
As tough as wire, as cobweb fine,
With keen fly-hook of tempered steel,
And doubling rod, and whizzing reel,
To let the great fish show his power
And race and fight for half an hour,
And yield a whole year's thrilling sport
Before the prize is towed to port
Beside the painted skiff, well-rowed,
And gaffed, or netted, *a-la-mode!*

No nonsense here, but well-matched strife
'Twixt boy and fish, a pull for life,
And doubtful which the tug would win,
Or be pulled out, or be pulled in!
But th' hook holds fast, the twine is stout,
The boy walks backward and wades out,
Dragging his shark with all his might,
Yelling with wonder and delight!
With sturdy tug and ruthless yank
He hauls him, flopping, up the bank,

In spite of sportsman's rules, red-tape,
Till safe past peril of escape,
He finds a sapling fish-pole's stub,
And, Cain-like, brains him with the club!
"Rank murder!" "Outrage!" "Barbarous shame!"
He saved his pike, though, all the same!—
Quick through those rending jaws he slipped
An alder fork his jackknife clipped,
And then, proud boy, like many another,
Ran shouting with him to his mother!

Those fishers gazed with deep chagrin,
And deemed it little short of sin,
To see that awkward urchin win
Before their skilled and scoffing eyes,—
His own, unhelped, unchallenged prize,—
The finest fish in all the lake!—
Then each his head did sagely shake,
And said, "By jingo! Well, I vow,
Fishin' is jest luck, anyhow!"

A PRAYER FOR LIGHT

O Thou, the Fount of truth and mind,
In unknown ways thou lead'st the blind;
Thou canst the soul's new morn create,
Make darkness light, and crooked straight.

Thou wilt not leave thy groping child,
Astray and lost on earth's dark wild,
Sightless and sad to stumble on,
Till hope and strength and life are gone.

Hold thou my hand amid this gloom,
Touch thou mine eyes, my soul illumine,
And o'er this midnight watch of mine
Pour thy full flood of day divine!

Then shall I walk with thee in joy,—
Service and song my days employ,—
Till life's short path, and death's brief night,
Both end in heaven's eternal light.

THE CHARGE OF THE AMBULANCE

Ting!—Ting!—Ting!—

A steel gong's ear-stinging tones!
'Mid the rush and roar of the city street,
Where the surging sounds of a Babel meet,
That keen note pierces your bones!
And a furious gallop of steel-shod feet,
And a sound of wheels, like a whirlwind fleet,
Come clanging over the stones!

Ting!—Ting!—Ting!—

'Tis the startling ambulance bell!
There's haste in its sharp imperative ring!
There's agony, shriek, and wail and yell!
One moment lost, and it may be a knell!
And blood and nerve leap up with a spring,
Ready to dart, like the shaft from the string,
At the tale those swift strokes tell!

Ting!—Ting!—Ting!—

"Ambulance! Clear the way!"
And the coach-and-four, with its blazoned door,
And the towering van, and the groaning dray,
And the rumbling truck, and the phaeton gay,
And the junk-cart, drawn by "Old Dog Tray,"
And even the mail-wagon, turn, or stay,
That swift-winged Mercy may rush to the fore!

Ting!—Ting!—Ting!—

For a lightning word has flashed,
That tells of the fall of a blazing wall!—
Of brave men crushed and mangled and gashed!
Of womanly woes in nature's throes!—
A sunstroke!—or worse, the assassin's curse,
And his gory victim pistoled or slashed,
And life ebbing fast, while the red blood flows!

Ting!—Ting!—Ting!—

The street is cleared as by magic!
And a powerful steed, at his topmost speed,
Well trained to his errand tragic,
Needing no touch of spur or thong,
Whose clarion summons is that shrill gong,
Whirls the swift ambulance along,
At the cry of humanity's need!

Ting!—Ting!—Ting!—

From hoofs and tires roll sparkling fires,
And the stanch wheels quiver and whirl and bound,
And the pavement rings like an anvil's sound,
But driver and surgeon stand firm at their posts,
As they dash down the street like madcap ghosts,
With a clank like cavalry charging around,
And a bang and tremor that shake the ground!

Ting!—Ting!—Ting!—

It dies on the ear afar;
But our hearts still leap at that headlong sweep,
And thrill at its nerve and fire and jar,—
At the disciplined, splendid strength that hurls
That life-delivering car,
With the hospital's name in gold on its side,
A legend of more than heraldic pride!

God bless that surgeon, in uniform bright—

A more than knightly badge on his breast—
Who stands as a rock 'mid that whirlwind flight,
Grasping his case and his medicine-chest!
Never a knight down war's red line
Charged to a conflict more divine,
A battle where science and skill, in a breath,
May tip the balance 'twixt life and death!

Ting!—Ting!—Ting!—

A dash through the hospital door!

One sure, swift touch! “There is pulse! there is life!
“Ho! doctors and nurses!—Ho! mother or wife!”

Or if a stranger, or outcast, or poor,
No questions are asked—all alike, all one—
All’s free, and for all, as God’s rain and His sun,
And shall be, while pain and anguish endure.

Ting!—Ting!—Ting!—

Then let the ambulance fly!

A messenger swift the fallen to lift!

An angel of mercy forever nigh!

Good doctors, speed wherever there’s need,

And rescue our brother—our brother man!

Here’s my prayer, and my pay; *I* may need you some
day,

So I’ll do my part now—while I can!

THE NEW ENGLAND ASTER

Born to the purplest purple, deep, intense,
Mocking the gentian’s fringe with hue more rare,
New England’s Aster!—What can be more fair!—
Child of the ripe year’s calm, serene suspense,
Star of September’s glory! say, O whence,
’Mid golden-rod, and golden sunflowers’ blaze,
Comes the deep tone of those cyanic rays,
For long-lost violets more than recompense?
Thy paler kindred, robed in azure, white,
And pearl, and lavender, around thee stand,
A lovely sisterhood, that laugh in light,
And clothe with splendor many a mile of land;
But thou, imperial Aster, still art queen
Of all the radiant tribes that deck fair autumn’s scene.

A HYMN TO LIGHT

First work of God and living soul of Earth,
Great life of all the life her breast sustains,
Say how and when hadst thou thy wondrous birth?
What power thy quenchless ardor still ordains?
What deep, eternal, unexhausted spring
Supplies thy ceaseless, boundless, endless flow,
Lighting the throngs of radiant worlds that swing
Like censers, blazing with unwasting glow.

O! thou art beautiful! One thing so fair
As the soft essence of thy rippling beam,
God has not made; on earth, in sea or air;
The gem that glitters in the mountain stream,
That stream itself, that, like a liquid gem,
Leaps down its diamond bed with flashing wave,
Out-sparkling far Earth's costliest diadem,
Without thy beam were both but beauty's grave.

I pluck this shining blade of emerald grass,
Charmed by thy magic from the dull, cold soil;
And nicely scan with microscopic glass,
The woven texture of its fragile foil;
Its stuccoed veins, the threads and nerves between,
Its surface, in ephemeral velvet dressed,
But search in vain for that which culls out green,
'Mong seven bright hues, and deftly hides the rest.

I stand and muse beside this whispering stream
That glides with such soft melody along,
Till all my listening soul is lost in dream,
Drawn forth and wafted onward with its song:
But bid the sunbeam in its fountain stay,
Nor lift the misty incense of the main,
And where were then the crystal streamlet's play?
The glitter of its sands of golden grain?

This Oak, that rears his pillared form on high—
This solemn forest, where the organ breeze
With deep harmonious sound goes murmuring by,
While Autumn sunset flames among the trees—
This star-like flower, bedewed with morning's tears,
That gleam and tremble on its heaven-dyed leaves,
Are all but forms in which thy power appears—
Are all but tissues which the sunbeam weaves.

I climb, while sunrise wakes the slumbering world,
This hill, whose foot yon deep, broad river laves;
Its morning mists, with rainbows wreathed and curled,
Float vast, like gorgeous curtains o'er its waves—
The sunbeam lifts them from their valley bed,
And wakes the breeze that wings their heavenward
flight—
Awhile they wrap in flame the mountain's head,
Then melt in smiling depths of rosy light.

And now the world, like some young giant, wakes;
Woods, hills, and vales with song and shout resound;
Beneath man's tread the globe, his workshop, shakes,
And Nature toils in silence all around.
Man plows, or builds, or trades, or spreads the sail,
While Nature rears the forest, clothes the lawn,
Aiding man's toil with hands that never fail;
But where this scene, if sunshine were withdrawn?

I stand beside this grand old watery waste,
Most glorious, mightiest work of God below;
Whose wide arms hold the Continents embraced,
And catch the hymn of its eternal flow,
Till my rapt soul, in solemn joy, alone,
Goes hovering forth along its bosom hoar,
Thrilled with the song, the shout, the laugh, the moan
Of God's great Ocean, rolling evermore.

I love thee, glorious Sea! For in this breast
Is pent a spirit brother to thine own,
That heaves forever in its strong unrest,
Its yearning toward the infinite unknown!
But were the sunbeam blotted from yon sky,
Thy sounding gales would die along the shore;
Thy bounding billows in oblivion lie,
Sealed up in thick-ribbed ice for evermore.

Shine on, sweet lucence; blend these morning beams
With purer effluence of superior spheres,
In one wide ocean of commingling beams,
Whose anthem is too high for mortal ears.
Shine on; but O! when fails thy crystal urn,
And chaos claims again yon golden sun,
Man's soul along its upward path shall burn
Exulting in a glory just begun.

THE END OF OCTOBER

To-day in cloudless light October ends,
With air as balmy-soft as perfect June,
With earth and heavens wrapt in slumbrous swoon.
Where in the far, blue haze all outline blends;
While scarce a breath the solemn forest bends,
In all its poms of umber, scarlet, gold,
A heavenly pageant here on earth unrolled,
The year's apocalypse, that thus descends.
Ah, peaceful days, when the year's toil is done,
Its passionate ardors spent, its harvests stored,
Its fiery battles fought, its victories won,
And calm contentment crowns its well-earned hoard.
E'en so, my soul, be thou enriched to sing
'Mid storms and death, and wait an endless spring.

SUMMER CLOUDS

When the great stackencloud, the cloud of June,
In dazzling piles fills the blue vault on high,
Then, through the long, bright summer afternoon,
On some clear, breeze-swept hill I love to lie
And watch those white-sailed squadrons of the sky;
And dream that souls whom once I loved on earth
There bask at ease in their immortal birth,
And signal me, as they go drifting by.
O clouds, like snow-peaks, solemn and sublime,
Towering majestic o'er a wondering world!—
O Argosies, for some enchanted clime
Steering, full-freighted, with white wings unfurled!—
From childhood's pensive hours ye've waked in me
Soul-longings keen to sail your azure sea.

“FARTHER” TO “FURTHER”—AN ADVERBIAL PROTEST

Says “*Farther*” to “*Further*,” “My peace you disturb,
For you are an *active and transitive verb*,
And always you're striving to ‘*further*’ your cause,
Ignoring *my* rights, and King Grammar's good laws.

“I'm only an *adverb of distance*, 'tis true,
But still I've my place, and my duty to do;
And I'll thank you, howe'er at my protest you scoff,
To mind your own business, and keep *farther off*.

“You've a work of your own, to *push all things along*,
And you're able to do it, because you are strong;
And I'll run before you to mark out your way,
And help you to *further things farther* each day.

"Your work is to *boost* things, and mine is to *lead*;
We each need the other for making good speed;
So please on my province no longer intrude:
'Thus far, and no farther!' nor deem I am rude."

'Tis rumored that "*Further*" "acknowledged the corn,"
And said, "I'm a sinner, as sure as I'm born;
But now if you'll pardon my fault, in your grace,
I'll trespass no *farther*, but keep my own place."

So each his aggressions has promised to curb,—
The Adverb, the active and transitive Verb;—
And now will all mortals this treaty regard,
That King Grammar's reign may no longer be marred.

MARCH

The wild March winds are flying!
The frozen ground is drying!
Old Winter's reign is dying!
Let him die! Let him die! Let him die!
He scared us with his roaring;
He mocked our weak imploring,
His snowdrifts on us pouring!
Earth and sky now reply, Let him die!

These rough, wild winds are cheering;
They tell that Spring is nearing!
They herald her appearing!
Let them blow, high or low! Let them blow!
Let March his forces muster,
With all their boom and bluster!
Our faith they cannot fluster,
Let them blow, for we know they must go!

April, May, are swiftly coming!
And the bees will soon be humming,
And the partridge will be drumming,
Let them come! Let them hum! Let them drum!
While the April showers are falling,
And the fishers' nets are hauling,
And the birds and flowers are calling—
"Spring has come!" "Spring has come!" "Spring has
come!"

THE WORSHIP OF NIGHT

'Tis summer eve, and late; the world is still;
The breeze is held; a spell lies on the air;
And o'er the landscape, far extending 'round,
The fair, round moon, as from a silver urn,
Pours a soft, tremulous, phosphorescent flood
That floats and vibrates like a conscious thing,
Through all the air, o'er forest, hill, and plain.
All, all is worship, and methinks white wings
Move lustrous through the calm, translucent deep.
One arch of solid crystal props the sky,
And its eternal dome of sapphire bends
'Round my expanding soul, that seems to press
At every point against the closing cope,
As though the argent firmament must yield
And give her room in the eternal space,
To joy, exult, and worship, and adore.
O, God is in his works! His Spirit broods
Like a felt presence, hovering close around;
And deep, strong gladness, and adoring awe,
As a sweet burden, lie upon my heart.
Bow down, my soul, and thy clay dwelling bow,
In solemn reverence to the Infinite.

SIXTY

Sixty to-day! But yesterday a boy
By eastern rivers, in deep western woods,
Roaming entranced the whispering solitudes,
Thrilled at deep nature's voice with mystic joy;
Pondering old songs that sing the ages through;
Wild for a maiden's love—a mystery still!—
Toiling with heart on fire up learning's hill;
Chasing ideals, fleeing, yet in view!
And *sixty* now! A grandsire, and gray-haired!
Grandchildren, wife and children round my way,
Yet stalwart still in vigor unimpaired,
Firm in calm trust, and lit by love's clear ray,
I still dare dream on all I ever dared,
And yet shall somehow *win*, ere ends life's day.

THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON

"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" rose
The watch-cry at midnight o'er Israel's foes—
A cry that has rung since the night of its birth,
Through the nations of men and the ages of earth.

Ah, sad was the thralldom of Israel's race,
Invaded and plundered, in woe and disgrace!
The land was in mourning, the cities in dread,
And village and hamlet despair overspread.

For Israel's seed had forgotten the Lord,
And bowed to vain idols and Baals abhorred,
And the wrath of Jehovah has hissed for the foe,
And bade the destroyer the land overflow.

And Midian is there with his camels untold,
And Amalek, fierce in his onset of old,
With the sons of the desert, and tribes of the East,
On Israel's fatness like locusts to feast.

Like waves the wild raiders in fury have pressed
From the hills of the East to the plains of the West,
From Gilead to Gaza Arabia's horde
Has ravaged and wasted the land of the Lord.

The ruthless marauder still riots and raves,
And Israel crouches in dens and in caves;
No arm to deliver, no leader, no rest,
Robbed, ravished, and hunted, harassed and distressed.

Then Israel cried in her anguish to God,
Bewailing her sins, and confessing his rod;
And God sent his prophet his people to chide
For their Amorite gods, their rebellion and pride.

And then came God's angel, and sat 'neath the oak
Of Joash, in Ophrah, that grew by the rock,
In the vale, by the winepress, where, hid from the foe,
The wheat sheaves rebounded the thresher's strong
blow.

Then clear, o'er the thunder of flail after flail,
The voice of the angel swelled out on the gale,
And bade valiant Gideon rise in his might,
And lead forth God's armies to battle for right.

"Jehovah is with thee, thou hero!" he cried.
"Ah, Lord, who am I?" the meek farmer replied;
"In lowly Manasseh my father is poor,
And I am the least of his household obscure!"

“Nay, rise in this might of thy meekness, and go,
And myriads shall fall as one man at thy blow!
Jehovah hath sent thee, his word cannot fail,
And Midian shall fly as the chaff from thy flail!”

Then sacrifice smoked at the angel’s consent,
Flame leaped from the rock at his touch as he went;
Ascending he vanished; God’s servant, new-fired
For duty and freedom, rose rapt and inspired.

Then fell Baal’s altar and image by night!
Then Joash, converted, grows bold for the right,
Defies the wild mob, and defends his brave son!
Abi-ezer is purged, and God’s triumph begun.

Then echoes God’s trump through the tribes of the
North,
And Zebulon, roused at the summons, springs forth,
And Asher and Naphtali, fired at the word,
Are joined with Manasseh to war for the Lord.

Then back to Jehovah flies Gideon again,
For signs and for strength in the doubtful campaign;
And the fleece in the floor, wet or dry, as he prays,
Proclaims triumph waiting, and chides his delays.

Then came God’s strange mandate to winnow the
host—
Already too few—lest vain Israel boast
“My arm won the fight!” and the cravens at heart,
The base, the exempts, twenty thousand, depart!

Then He who reads hearts, and hides glory from men,
Said, “Yet they’re too many, sift Israel again!
Sound the charge!” And nine thousand seven hun-
dred bow low,
And drink long at the brook, for they quail at the foe!

But three hundred heroes, with spirits aflame
For the glory of God, and at Israel's shame,
Scarce lap from their hands, as they bound o'er the ford,
And charge on the foe, in the wrath of the Lord.

"Take those," said Jehovah; "the rest to their tents!
Give me men of fire, who are done with laments,
Whose souls leap for action, with ardor aglow,
Like the spark from the steel, or the shaft from the
bow!

"By those will I save you; in them is the stuff
God's heroes are made of; with God they're enough
To scatter proud Midian like leaves in the gale:
But now, in such strain, if thy courage should fail,

Take Purah, thy servant, go down to the host,
And learn from themselves that already they're lost,
'Ere a sword has been drawn!" Trembling Gideon
obeys,
And the dreams they are telling the listeners amaze.

"A barley loaf tumbled among us this night,
And smote a huge tent, and o'erturned it outright,"
Said one; said another, "This loaf is the son
Of Joash the farmer, and Midian's undone!"

O'erawed at God's token, the hero returns,
Strange ardor within him like prophecy burns:
"Arise! for Jehovah hath given the sign,
And Midian is doomed by an omen Divine!"

The torches in pitchers are lighted in haste,
The trumpets are grasped, and the brave bands are
placed;
Around each vast camp, one weak hundred, they stand,
But heaven's bright seraphim wait the command.

Then broke on the midnight the sudden loud crash!
Then blazed through the midnight the lightning-like-
flash!

Then pealed through the midnight the trumpets' fierce
clang,

Till rocks, hills, and caverns re-echoing rang!

Then "*The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon!*" rose
The watch-cry of terror o'er Israel's foes;
From hundred to hundred thrills onward the cry,
From mountain to mountain the echoes reply!

Gilboa's rough crags to the clangor resound!
From wild little Hermon the trumpets rebound!
Till "*The Sword of Jehovah and Gideon!*" rolls
Like thunders of doom from the sky to the poles!

But hark! what wild clamor now swells from the vale!
Rage, terror, and agony! Anger and wail!
And outcry, and clashing, and trampling, and roar,
Like torrents, or waves on the storm-beaten shore!

Yells! shouts of command! shrieks of frenzy and fear!
Rise dire o'er the clatter of armor and spear,
And wild squadrons rush without order or form,
Like clouds in the whirlwind, or ships in the storm!

'Tis the arm of Jehovah made bare in his wrath!
'Tis the glare of his lightning, the gleam of its scath!
For the "*Sword of the Lord*" from its scabbard has
leaped,

And armies like corn in its compass are reaped!

And Midian and Amalek, partners in spite,
Like stubble are swept by his besom of might,
And the sword of Manasseh, and Gideon's shout,
Still rage on their rear through the night of the rout!

Down Jezreel's dark valley the doom-maddened host
Like foam, on red billows of carnage, is tost,
Till Ephraim springs, like a lion in power,
To the fords of the Jordan, to rend and devour!

There the steeds of the desert, the camels' tall pride,
And their riders, are swept on the gore-purpled tide,
And Oreb and Zeeb, with their princes, go down,
At the rock and the winepress, to ghastly renown.

O Sword of the Lord and of Gideon! what light,
What glory unfading, has streamed from that night,
When three hundred heroes, with this for their cry,
Stood up for Jehovah, to conquer or die!

The three hundred Spartans, who guarded the way,
Were content, in the *pass*, to keep thousands at bay,
But these took the *field*, made the onset, with glare
Of torches, each man as a target laid bare!

Those died where they stood, for their country and
laws;

These triumphed sublimely, for God and his cause;
Both equal in glory. The brave can meet death,
But the saints of Jehovah shall triumph by faith.

O Freedom, thy martyrs are martyrs for God!
And, conquering or dying, the soil they have trod,
In man's last high struggle of body and soul,
Is hallowed while ages on ages shall roll!

O Faith, when thy rapture celestial has fired
The souls that Jehovah's own breath has inspired,
Then shall one chase a thousand, and two put to flight
Ten thousand fierce foes, in the battle for right!

God's handful, clean sifted from idols and shirks,
Each soul a burnt offering, faith shown by works,
Stark radicals, stripped of the world, and aflame
With the baptism of fire, shall shake earth in God's
name!

O Church of Jehovah, thy victory know!
'Tis Purity strikes the all-conquering blow;
And Faith and Devotion, her offspring sublime,
Have conquered for God since the dawning of time.

O Zion, o'erwhelmed by the rush of the world,
Thy trumpets all silent, thy banners all furled,
Thy torches unkindled, thy joy and thy shout
All deadened and drowned in an ocean of doubt—

O Zion, come forth from thy caverns and holes,
And cast thy false gods to the bats and the moles!
Take thy torch and thy trumpet, grasp buckler and
sword,
And charge o'er the earth in the might of the Lord!

O Spirit whose breath kindled heroes of old,
And swept the invader in wrath from God's fold,
Rise! Blow on these ages, and send us once more
The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon of yore!

Then Zion shall shine forth as fair as the moon,
And clear as the sun in the splendor of June!
Like an army with banners shall shout on her way,
And nations be born to the Lord in a day!

Then Error's dark legions to night shall be hurled!
Then Zion's pure glory shall gladden the world!
Then the Lord shall descend in his kingdom again,
And Earth shout Hosanna, Heaven echo Amen!

“FAINT, YET PURSUING ”

“Faint—faint, yet pursuing,” rose Gideon’s band,
From Jordan’s wild surges to Gilead’s land;
Drenched, battle-worn, weary, they paused not for rest,
For “faint, yet pursuing,” is valor’s last test.

The “sword of the Lord and of Gideon” had blazed,
A meteor terror, o’er armies amazed,
And Midian and Amalek, swept from their spoil,
In madness and ruin were hurled from God’s soil.

Yet full fifteen thousand, escaped from the sword
Through Ephraim’s envy, passed armed o’er the ford,
To muster in Karkor the wreck of their state,
And nurse in the desert their vengeance and hate.

These, too, must be scattered. No power must remain
The war to renew and vex Israel again;
No moment for glory, or pride’s fond deceit,
Till God’s work is ended in victory complete.

The chiding of Ephraim’s anger is quelled,
The Jordan is forded, with harvest flood swelled;
Weak, weary, and hungry, from midnight to dawn,
The three hundred heroes through perils press on.

’Tis sunrise, and Succoth’s wide portals unfold,
Where Jacob built booths for his pied herds of old—
“Give bread to your brethren,” the victor implored,
“We fight, for your rescue, the wars of the Lord.”

O baseness unspeakable! Bondage to self!
What cravens and cowards like cowards for pelf?
“Are Zebah, Zalmunna, thy captives,” they whine,
“That we should give bread to these braggarts of
thine?”

On, on to Penuel, where Jacob all night
Erst wrestled with God till the dawning of light,
And, gloriously lame, as an "Israel" rose,
A prince with Jehovah, to vanquish his foes.

Once more the faint call, for what force might
demand—

"Give bread, I beseech you, to ration my band;
We wrestle for God, who here blessed our great sire;"
But baseness once more stirred the conqueror's ire.

What fitter than scourges of bramble and thorn
For vilest poltroons in man's image e'er born?
What fitter than overthrow, infamy, shame,
For bosoms that burn not with patriot flame?

But vengeance to-morrow—to-day for the foe!
Faint, footsore, and famishing, onward they go,
Through hunger and weariness, sleeplessness, spite,
The taunts of the day, and the gloom of the night.

From midnight to midnight their iron-like tramp
Rings on, through the blaze of the noon, the chill damp
Of night dews, undaunted by distance or time,
In the grandeur of heroism, stern and sublime!

The Jabbok's wild gorge they have threaded at last,
His far-foaming torrent is forded and passed,
And out o'er the desert, beneath the fierce stars,
Sweeps on the swift march by the red light of Mars.

Not rash, though relentless, those souls without fear—
The foe will be wary—a watch at his rear;
Through Nobah and Jogbehah wide their detour,
That smites on the flank his encampment secure.

Then wild rose the clangor of trumpet and targe!
Then rushed like tornado that lion-like charge!
And Midian's shriek answered Amalek's yell
Where Israel's sword like a thunderbolt fell!

One moment of horror, and slaughter, and gore,
And crash, as of shipwreck on hurricane shore,
And, wild o'er the desert, stark, howling, and riven,
That host, like the sand in the whirlwind, is driven.

No moment for arming, no refuge, no rest,
By the sword of Jehovah and Gideon pressed,
Till the last wail expires, like a sigh on the blast,
And the brave Baal-fighter is victor at last!

Is Victor! and Israel, scourged and restored,
Now safely shall dwell in the smile of her Lord;
While her hero, once scorned, now her scepter disdains,
And answers—"God only o'er Israel reigns."

Ah, "faint, yet pursuing," is valor's last test,
The last pulse of fire in the conqueror's breast;
Toil, weakness, and treason, and terror outbraved,
The hero endures to the end, and is saved.

No triumph abides but the triumph o'er all;
The last foe in armor must fly or must fall;
Then sweet to the hero is slumber from toil,
In the tents of the vanquished, refreshed with the spoil.

O soul in affliction! O spirit in strife!
In battle for righteousness, liberty, life,
Know, know that all raptures in victory blend,
And, "faint, yet pursuing," pursue to the end!

O Thou whose last anguish wrought hope for a world,
And Hell's black invasion to Tartarus hurled,
Gird *us* in all weakness, in peril defend;
So "faint, yet pursuing," we'll strive to the end.

Then, then, of our Canaan forever possessed,
No foe shall invade our inviolate rest;
The smile of our Gideon shall sunshine afford,
And peace shall o'erflow in the land of the Lord.

THE CENTURIES

A century's flight! Another hundred rounds
Through pathless space this top-like globe has spun,
Slacking and straining its elastic bounds,
Yet true to seconds 'round its peg, the sun!
Millions of tops! Millions of centuries run!
Millions of suns, with planets all enwhirled!
Endless creation, evermore begun,
Through fields and times illimitable hurled!
What, 'mid such realms sublime, this dancing dust-
speck world!

Yet here, for man, are vastness, age, and might,
Limitless Nature's ever-charming face,
Wrinkled with granite ranges, snow-capped, white,
Or smoothed with green and gold in changeful grace;
With seas and continents oft changing place,
With all their creatures changed as eons roll.
Till man, the crown of all the living race,
Grows up to reign o'er all with high control,—
Mortal, immortal man,—dust, reason, deathless soul.

How long man's upward struggle! Ah, how long,
Since from pre-glacial caves he clubbed the bear,
To Egypt's pyramids, and Homer's song,
And Zion's light, that all earth yet must share!
Who tamed the ox was set among the stars,
With him who forged the sickle and the sword;
The sons of Ceres and the sons of Mars
Alike their founders, throned as gods, adored
In constellations old,—dates by no spade restored.

But now Jove's crashing thunderbolt is caught,—
Harnessed to toil,—taught alphabetic lore,—
And belts a planet with the speed of thought,
Writing man's message on earth's farthest shore!
While floating cities mock old Ocean's roar,
And steel-spun epics span the narrow seas,
And earth is pierced and ransacked to the core,
Elements riddled, mountains bored with ease,
And soon the air-ship, swift, shall sail on every breeze.

But man himself, past all his works and ways,
Still towers and soars, the wonder of the sphere!
Man, groveling erst in dim and bestial days,
Now climbing in heaven's sunshine calm and clear!
With lifted eyes, and heart that knows no fear,
Knowing his world at last, and free to roam
Through all its regions, using all its cheer
With conscious sense of ownership and home,
Enjoying all his house, from basement up to dome.

But ah, beyond the house, the builder still
Gains most and noblest, civilized, refined;
Gains in vast range of all-subduing skill,
Knowledge, power, freedom, amplitude of mind;
Justice, and self-control, and mercy kind;

The weak no more by ruthless might oppressed;
Feet for the lame, and eyes to lead the blind;—
The dreams of seers, in shadowy types expressed,
Fulfilled at last, the earth by all the meek possessed!

Roll on, swift-spinning centuries! Vast portent
Attends this Twentieth. Expectation high
From bygone times still looks for large event
With each millennial age that circles by.
Not told, perchance, by signs in earth or sky,
By revolutions, empires' rise or fall:—
Perchance a newborn infant's first faint cry,—
Perchance some sailor hears a new world call,
Or lettered blocks break forth with world-wide light
for all!

Roll on, Great Age! Long ere thy course is run
Anglo-America, one race, one speech,
One vast Republic, vastest 'neath the sun,
Shall span the globe with its stupendous reach;
And freedom, justice, brotherhood shall teach
To Slav and Mongol! New-found Afric then
Shall prove that right for all is right for each,
And join the song of universal man,
All races upward march—the Aryan in the van!

Oh, for the vision of that prince of seers
Who talked with Gabriel by old Tigris' flood,
To lift the curtain of a thousand years
And view the growth of man, the work of God!
What wonders fill that future yet untrod!
Discoveries, evolution, transformation!
Forces of nature servants at man's nod!
All tribes one universal, peaceful nation!
O'er all, and evermore, Christ's kingdom of salvation!

Oh, for the gift of Moses' raptured gaze
O'er all the Canaan of earth's farthest time!
Lit by the Sun of Righteousness, whose rays
Outshine day's orb in majesty sublime!
Where centuries after centuries upward climb
Like Jacob's ladder, rounds of golden light!
And bells and trumpets in sweet concord chime
The dirge of wrong, the pæan of the right!
While men and angels meet—with open heaven in
sight!

THE CALLING OF MOSES

Where Midian's hoary mountains in rugged grandeur
climb,
And rule her desert solitudes in majesty sublime,
Through lonely wilds and gorges, by springs among
the rocks,
The exiled seer, a shepherd, led his roving, browsing
flocks.

At last on giant Horeb amid his charge he trod,
And roamed alone, with reverent feet, the awful Mount
of God;
Below lay green oases, above rose granite towers,
And all the soundless silence thrilled instinct with
heavenly powers.

Here, through long days of summer, among his lambs
he strayed,
And pondered God's strange mysteries, wrestled and
dreamed and prayed:

“Why all these years of exile, with Israel crushed the while?

Why sleeps the wrath of Abraham’s God above the trembling Nile?

“If once God’s spirit moved me in years so long ago
To save my downtrod race and strike the swift, deliver-
ing blow,

Why triumphs still the oppressor? Why yet doth
Israel’s cry

Rise, wild with anguish, yet bring down no voice from
all the sky?”

He ceased. A sudden wonder before his vision came!
Along the mountain thicket rose a strange and scath-
less flame!

Above the tangled hawthorn it leaped, as from a pyre,
And wrapped the unscorched copse, and towered a tent
of lambent fire!

Then gazed the seer, astonished, to view the wondrous
scene,

When lo! Jehovah’s solemn voice, from out the blazing
screen

Spake: “Moses! Moses!” Trembling he answered:
“Here am I.”

“Put off thy shoes, on holy ground, and hither draw
not nigh!

“I am El-Shaddai, mighty, the God of Abraham,
Of Isaac, Jacob, and thy sire, Jehovah, the I AM!
The cry of Israel’s children has reached my throne
on high;

I know their heavy sorrows, all, their woe and agony.

“I am come down to save them from Egypt’s bloody
hand,
To smite the dire oppressor’s power and scourge his
guilty land;
My arm, outstretched in wonders, shall make his
realm a grave,
For earth and sea shall fight for me till I have freed
the slave.

“I know thy own brave spirit, I love the heart that
yearns
To rend the bondage of its kind, the fiery soul that
burns
At others’ wrong and outrage; and, scorning power
and pelf,
Dare rise for right ’gainst all earth’s might, nor plan
nor care for self.

“But he who with Jehovah would fight the fight for
man
Must wait till God reveal his rod and show the battle’s
plan;
And forty years I’ve taught thee to meekly bide his
time
Whose footsteps down earth’s centuries beat one eternal
rhyme.

“Rise, therefore, now, a hero in meekness as in might,
And I will send thee, thunder-clad, to shake the world
for right.
But see thou aye remember the battle is not thine;
Face thou the blame, the jeers, the shame, but count
the victory mine.

“Lean on my arm, almighty, when sorrows bear thee
down;
Fall back on me when flesh is weak and earth and
demons frown.
God rules to-day, to-morrow; God rules on earth, on
high;
And on His side all Heaven shall ride, all Hell before
Him fly!

“Go now, meet haughty Egypt; meet Pharaoh on his
throne;
Meet Israel’s coward doubts and fears; meet all, and
shrink from none.
Take thou nor sword nor scepter, thy might is all
in me;
Take only this, thy shepherd’s staff, power in humility.”

Then rose the seer and hero, no more to fear or flee,
Instinct and conscious of his God, himself half deity!
Nations and Nature owned him and earth and time
obey,
For he who does and dares in God, with God shall
reign for aye.

For Right shall reign while kingdoms and empires are
no more.
And civilization ebb and flow like tides on ocean’s
shore;
And he who’ll lose the world for Right, with Right
the world shall gain,
And linked with Truth and Right, in God, forever
shine and reign.

TO ENGLAND.

Hail, mighty Mother of a strenuous race!
Thy giant children belt the globe with power,
And bear thy light and freedom as their dower,
Like eaglets soaring from their nesting place.
Thy empire marches with unbroken pace,
And whether suns shine fair, or tempests lower,
Thy sway still spreads, thy strength and greatness
tower,
And grace and glory lighten from thy face.
For human rights and heavenly righteousness
Beneath thy banners thrive in peaceful trust,
And downtrod races, raised from shame and dust,
Copt, Bantu, Boer, Hindu, thy rule shall bless;
And free Columbia joins her hand with thine
To lead, with thee, earth's upward march divine.

SINAI, HOREB, PENTECOST

On Sinai when Jehovah came
To teach the world his heavenly law,
The mount was wrapt in smoke and flame,
And shuddering nature quaked with awe.

On Horeb bowed God's seer of yore,
While wind, and fire, and still small voice
Still preached their ancient message o'er,
And bade him tremble, yet rejoice.

And so on Zion, later still,
The wind, the flame, the earthquake fell,
Christ's newborn Church to illume and thrill,
The Great Salvation's tale to tell.

O, threefold sign, in ages three,
Past, present, future still are thine;
Baptize this age, thy Churches, me,
And fill the world with breath divine!

Three signs, one power, one heavenly birth,
One heavenly life the ages through:—
Lord, let thy grace sweep on o'er earth,
And nations in a day renew!

A DEAF PREACHER'S CONFERENCE SUNDAY

Red Mountain towers above fair Torrington,
A hive of industries and happy homes,
And from his rugged brow of glacial stone
I view its sacred spires and civic domes;
The chime of Sabbath bells remotely comes
On soft south winds, that wide their echoes fling,
Where o'er these heights one pensive Rambler roams,
To worship God amid the breath of spring.
Budding arbutus, stored with spicy sweet,
Pyrola, prince's pine, and wintergreen
O'erspread the ground, a carpet for my feet,
My prayer-mat 'neath this hemlock's verdant screen:
Below, my brethren hear the Bishop's sermon,
While I, who cannot hear, meet Christ on Hermon.

Nor will he chide me, he who loved the sea,
And made its storm his hour of revelation,—
Who loved the mountain's awful mystery,
The throne of his divine transfiguration!
He gave the ear,—he sends its deprivation,

He bade me speak to men, he speaks to me :

His word, his works, his spirit's intimation,
A threefold message, fresh from Deity !

Blessed are they who with the holy throng,

In holy temples, on the holy day,
Can join in reverent prayer and happy song,

And share men's cheerful greetings on life's way ;—
And blest are they who, 'reft of these, can still
Find God in every vale—on every hill.

THE SCOURGING OF HELIODORUS

The Grecian kings of Syria, the proud Seleucid stock,
Filled Alexander's Asian throne in glorious Antioch ;
From Hellas' isles to India's streams their banners,
wide unfurled,

From Scythian wastes to Persian seas, waved o'er the
Orient world.

And Palestina, subject long beneath their conquering
sway,

Though ravaged oft, now throve in peace through many
a prosperous day,

While good Onias, wise and just, ruled in Jerusalem,
Where Aaron's miter long survived great David's
diadem.

There mighty Cyrus, far revered, a name almost divine,
Inspired by Heaven had reared once more Jehovah's
hallowed shrine ;

And Gentile kings from far-off lands had crowned that
holy fane

With gifts untold, and there asked peace and blessings
on their reign.

All tributes paid, still gifts o'erflowed; and sumless
treasures rare,
The wealth of merchants, princes, realms, sought sanctuary there;
The maiden's dower, the orphan's share, the widow's
portion sure,
There slept inviolate, with tithes that fed the nation's
poor.

But graceless Simon, sworn to guard that treasury
divine,
'Gainst just Onias stirred with rage and envy most
malign,
To heathen foes that trust betrayed, in infamy untold,
And moved the Syrian tyrant's greed to grasp the hal-
lowed gold.

Then King Seleucus sent with guile the warder of his
hoard,
Bold Heliodorus, charged to rob the temple of the
Lord:
Through Cœlosyria's subject towns, Phœnicia's con-
quered powers,
In well-feigned state he strays, then speeds to Zion's
holy towers.

Ah, who can tell what pall-like woe hung Salem's
city o'er,
As Heliodorus' dire demand was told from door to
door!
From street to street a doleful cry of anguish rent
the air—
Ten thousand stretched their hands to heaven, ten
thousand bowed in prayer.

Fair women, girt with sackcloth harsh beneath their
tender breasts,
Wailed through the town, and virgins moaned, and
tore their snowy vests;
The full-robed Levites, prostrate low, before God's
altar lay,
And cried: "Jehovah, guard thine own! Defend thy
cause this day!"

But ah, that good and great high priest! 'Twas fearful
to behold
What speechless agony of prayer his ghastly visage
told!
What grief, what shame, for orphans robbed, for God's
pure shrine profaned—
Yet on his mournful, awful face a startling brightness
reigned!

But Heliodorus, eager, rash, that ruthless mandate
urged,
And trod Jehovah's hallowed courts in Gentile guilt,
unpurged;
His bandit guard around him stood, the sacrilege began,
When lo! God's instant glory blazed, to overwhelm the
pride of man!

Forth rushed, caparisoned most fair, a steed of daz-
zling mould,
Who bore a rider terrible, complete in harnessed gold!
And fierce with hoofs all shod with fire he smote the
impious foe;
His breath was flame! His eyes like coals! His mane
a meteor's glow!

And two celestial youths stood there, in robes of lustrous white,
Glorious in beauty, excellent in majesty and might.
And swift with rods of baleful gleam, while quaking
Antioch saw,
They scourged, with sore and vengeful strokes, the
scorner of God's law!

Down Heliodorus fell, amain, in dark and deathlike swoon,
As fell proud Saul, when Christ from heaven outflashed the summer noon!
Fainting with awe they bore him forth from that thrice direful place.
Then flew to God's high priest to crave incensed Jehovah's grace.

The dread saint prays—the Gentile lives, and hies him to his lord;
He tells the glorious power of Him on Zion's height adored;
The king, enraged, asks: "Whom, once more, whom braver, shall I send?"
"Thy foes, O King," the stern reply, "their madness thus shall end!"

Ah, ye who grasp at others' wealth, nor dread Heaven's righteous wrath;
Whose hordes, like locust bands, devour the poor with wasting scath;
Who rule for gain, whose law is self, whose god is sordid gold;
Whose sway is outrage legalized; shame, conscience, manhood sold;

Woe! woe! to all your pirate crew! Wolves, vultures
of your race!
Plagues, pests, and vermin of mankind, whate'er your
pride and place;
Be warned! Beware! crime's longest day must end,
and judgment come;
Haste! Justice whets th' avenging sword, and Mercy's
lips grow dumb!

PEACE AND WAR

Not peace, alone, leads on the day
That owns Messiah's world-wide sway;
But many a righteous war and strife
Must wake this world to loftier life.

The peace that cowards make with crime
Is treason to all coming time!
Better the outright, manful "Nay!"
Than cringing baseness, whimpering "Yea!"

Better a war, a brave, good fight
For truth and justice, in God's sight,
Than bribed corruption, slavish fear,
Or honor shamed,—than life more dear!

The war that smites a giant wrong
Is God's Avenger, swift and strong;
For he who said, "Thou shalt not kill,"
Said, "Blood for blood," in justice, still.

The war that bursts the bondman's chain,
Or widens Freedom's grand domain,—
That breaks the despot's rule and rod,—
Is holy war, and blest by God.

The war that hearth and home defends,
Or rescues kindred, neighbors, friends,—
As Abraham rescued captive Lot,—
Is manhood's duty, clean from blot.

The wars that rear Truth's glorious arch,—
Lead Civilization's onward march,—
Lift realms and races up to light,—
Are storms, that leave earth's skies more bright.

And wars for country's holy cause,
To guard her liberty and laws,—
To hurl th' invader back with shame,
Or quench rebellion's raging flame;—

Such wars are work for patriots tried,—
Their valor knighthood's noblest pride;
Then right is one with faith and flag,
And traitors they who quail or lag.

But wars for conquest, rapine, spoil,
That drench with blood an outraged soil,
Born of ambition, greed, or spite,—
That crown the wrong but crush the right;—

Such wars are born of hate and hell,
And breathe their spirit, fierce and fell;
Such wars hurled angels erst from heaven,
And fill this world with discord's leaven.

O God of righteousness and peace,
Still may thy reign o'er earth increase,
Till tears and blood no longer flow,
And heaven's pure peace begins below.

Then Mercy, Truth, shall blend in bliss;
Then Righteousness and Peace shall kiss;
Then Earth shall sing, from shore to shore,
And learn war's horrid trade no more.

One Congress, then, the world shall span,
And legislate for world-wide man;—
One Constitution, all above,
Christ's law of universal love.

Then shall millennial dreams be plain,—
Earth's Golden Age shall come again,—
Fulfillment crown time's loftiest seers,—
Christ reign on earth the thousand years.

ELIJAH AT CARMEL

(From the ballad-epic "Elijah the Reformer.")

Lo, now, where Carmel's topmost dome o'erlooks the
western deep,
Two shadowy forms, while daylight fades, their high,
lone vigil keep.
One prostrate travails, bowed to dust, by prayer's
strong anguish pressed,
And one stands tall against the sky, and scans the
darkening west.
Lo, God's great prophet prays for rain! A mortal and
a worm
Wrestles with Him who guides the winds, whose
chariot is the storm!
Wrestles with that resistless might all-conquering faith
supplies,
Till God cries "Hold! Thou hast thy wish!" That
answer thrilled the skies!

O'er ocean's waste the wandering mists a strange compulsion owned,
The freshening night-breeze moister blew, more deep the surf wail moaned;
"Go look again, seven times!" The seventh a dull and brazzey band
Along the far horizon grew, and, like a human hand,
One speck of cloud rose slow, and spread along the laboring air,
That breathless hung, or quivering owned the tempest gathering there.
"Up! Fly to Ahab! Bid him yoke, and speed his chariot down,
Nor halt for rain through all the plain, till safe in Jezreel's town!"
E'en while he mounts the clouds grow black, they toil, and writhe and roll,
In angry majesty of gloom, like night, from pole to pole!
Winds rend the mountain! Thunders boom! Forked lightnings crash around!
Great pattering drops fall fast! A hush! A rising, rushing sound,
And then, with smoke, and surge, and roar, the great rain smites the ground.
The windy deluge howls and raves, but through its blinding wrack
God's servant feels Jehovah's hand, like whirlwinds, at his back;
And, girt, before the bounding steeds, on tireless foot he springs,
Nor halts, till, late, at Jezreel's gate he lights, fresh as from wings!
O rain! Sweet rain! Baptismal rain! When Nature's pulse grows faint,

When, fever-blasted, earth expires, or gasps her voice-
less plaint,
Then welcome, summer's mighty rain! Pour, heaven's
best blessing, pour!
Leap, keen wild lightnings, through the gloom! Glad
thunders shout and roar!
Pour on! surge on! ye sky-born floods! Drink, Earth,
O drink thy fill!
Up! clap your hands, ye streams new-born, and laugh
from every hill!
Lift your great arms, ye mighty groves! Fling out
your bannered leaves!
And bend your tops in billowy joy, as the blue ocean
heaves!
Wake from the dust, ye perished flowers, put on your
bright array!
Burst into green, ye thankful fields! Birds, tune your
gladdest lay!
Skip o'er the hills, ye blithesome flocks! Herds, gam-
bol on the plain!
Go forth, O man, and bless thy God, who gives the
summer rain!

IMMORTALITY

When I behold the ocean, mountains, sky,
The broad, green prairie, rimmed with heaven's own
blue,
The white cloud-ships that sail the summer noon,
The midnight's awful dome, on fire with stars,
And drink the rhythmic silences that steal
Solemn, eternal, through the universe,
My spirit pines with longing to explore
This stream of boundless being to its Source,

To find its far, unfathomed, central Spring,
The Nile-fount of existence, Godhead's sea,
Shoreless abyss of conscious life and love,
Whose spherulic waves of force creative sweep
Vital, unspent, widening eternally,
Breaking to song and star-foam as they roll.

And I have felt within me strength to roam
Through galaxies and glories, far beyond
These realms of order into eldest night;
Beyond attraction's reach, or light's last gleam,
Through outer emptiness, where height nor depth,
Substance, nor center, nor circumference,
Obstruct the spirit's flight;—for rest to poise
On crags of solid darkness; or, unchilled,
On wing to plunge the fixed and sensible gloom
Through gulfs where order's wide and fair domain
Shrinks to a sand-shoal, lost in tideless seas;
Where ancient Chaos' old atomic wars
Ne'er stirred the atomless void of nothingness;
Where space is all; where time ne'er was, event,
Nor date to chronicle eternity.

And when my soul, like one long pent in towns
But now glad wandering wide o'er breezy hills,
Had stretched her powers in grateful exercise,
And roomy freedom, then 'twere joy to turn
From this abysmal, void infinitude
Toward the far coasts of day. Intuitive,
Past hells and limbos, steer on steady wing,
To where, faint glimmering down the dusk expanse,
One tremulous beam points out a universe,
A point, perspective, widening, breaking bright,
Until the glittering maze of wheeling orbs,
Suns guiding suns and worlds convoying worlds,
Once more in tuneful march should 'round me roll.

And I have longed attraction-winged to voyage
Studious, through starry archipelagoes
Of drifted clusters, all compact of suns,
A luminous labyrinth, tow'rd that globe unknown
Whose vast convexity the center fills,
A steadfast sphere, unmeasured, unrevolved,
Broad as Sol's wheel among morn's blinking stars.
Far up its golden tides of primal dawn
Eager I'd sail, while soft prismatic floods
Of rosy effluence streamed through sense and soul,
With rhythm harmonious as the cadenced close
Of angel vespers round the twilight throne.
Were I unfleshed, this hour my soul should spring
O'er that far flood, to find its fountain clime,
And scale its cataracts, cliffs diaphanous,
Of lucent flash, poured from the mount of flame,
Crystal Olympus, throne of Him whose feet
Set Sinai altogether on a blaze.

I shall behold them. Can a being die,
Conceiving thoughts of immortality?
Shall I all perish, when this frame dissolves
Back to its fellow-elements, rebuilt
Mayhap in thousand forms, while ages roll?
Can this self-conscious, personal *I* expire,
A wreck of outworn tissues, forces spent,
Spent or transformed, a chemic drop sublimed?
Is this what roams the stars, and talks with God?
Avaunt vain babblers, philosophic fools!
God is! I am! and while he lives I live!
Nor shall this wondrous body, all forgot,
Want essence and resemblance, though transformed
Ten thousand times, through twice ten thousand years.
E'en these were but as moments. Earth grows old,
And rocks, unsteadfast, on her axle worn,

Shuddering through all her blind and stony frame,
With secret dread, her chronologue of doom.

And let that moment speed: let long-pent fires
Rend and enwrap this dull material ball,
Brighten, then blot this planet in its turn,
And strow its cinders through the darkened sky;—
They have done this before, and shall again,
For He who bids them burn still bids them build;—
They cannot scathe the soul, nor scorch its wings.
Entire, immortal, undissolved, serene
I shall ride upward on th' exploding flames
That warp and crack the firmamental spheres
And shrivel yon blue heaven like a scroll,—
Shall find that stainless city, built by God,
Whose four-square walls, from rainbow quarries hewn,
Whose streets of lucid gold, whose diamond domes,
Stand, while the white throne lights the universe.

O Thou, Almighty, thy creating breath
Could scatter all these systems thou hast framed,
And chase the nebulous drifts of starry dust,
Planets, and satellites, and clustered suns,
Driven like the chaff of summer threshing-floors
When Western whirlwinds mow the woods, and strow
With wrecks of ruined villages the plains,
And scourge the yeasty cauldron of the deep
Till watery Andes whelm the shuddering shores!
Terror and glory, majesty and love,
Alike are thine, alike divine and good.
These shall not harm nor fright a child of thine,
For thou hast breathed that same immortal breath
Into these molds of clay, and sealed it here,
With all its prisonless energy and fire,

To warm these breathing clods,—but not forever.
Deep from eternity a whisper comes,
Stealing like melody through all our being,
That tells us of a large and free existence,
A life unlimited, in which the flights
And voyages of imagination here
Shall be the soul's experience, not her fancies,
Her glad, intelligent travels, not her dreams.

WORK IN REST

Ah me, how vast is the boundless space!
Ah me, how long is the endless time!
How sweet, how holy the psalm sublime
That floats, as balm from a crystal vase,
From all that is, to the heavenly place.

How sweet, how holy that ceaseless psalm!
It melts and sinks through the depths above,
Fainting like pulses drowned in love,
Dying, like zephyrs in groves of palm,
Or the inward flow of the tide's full calm.

How smooth, how calm are those star-sprent planes!
How calm are the drifted worlds that stream
The ether oceans with foamless gleam!
A benediction of calmness reigns
Through being's illimitable domains.

There is no hurry in all the skies;
The fret and flurry of finite years,
The heats of spirit, the worry and fears,
And the tears that bleed from our human eyes,
Are all unknown in those unknown spheres.

So smooth, so still, through the stormless deep,
Unchafed by ripple, unrocked by tide,
With a patient, tireless, majestic sweep
Through the long, bright lapse of their years they
glide,
And yet their changeless serenity keep.

There is no heat, no hurry in heaven;
The living creatures, the spirits seven,
The prostrate elders who next adore,
The millions who chant on the amber shore,
Are calmed with rapture for evermore.

God never hastens. Through all the deeps
Of the Goodness infinite, teeming still
With ever-creative thought and will,
And the patient care all being that keeps,
The calm potential and blissful sleeps.

For God, the All-worker, works in rest;
Out of his nature creation grows,
Out of his being all being flows,
As the rivers from Eden, unrepressed,
Boundless, exhaustless, beautiful, blest.

And deep through the unknown, soundless sea,
Outward forever, on every side
The spherulic waves of his effluence wide
Vibrate through shoreless infinity,
Filled and filling with life as they glide.

And the vibrant thrill of that boundless Life
Is the measureless, ceaseless pulse of Love;
All-blessing, beneath, abroad, above,
With sumless, blissful beneficence rife,
Too wise for sorrow, too strong for strife.

And up to that Infinite Life and Love
The endless cry of creation goes;
Million-voiced, dumb, at the Heart above
It knocks, till the answer all worlds o'erflows
With love that lightens and glory that glows!

O Infinite Energy, born of Repose,
Repose, of Infinite Energy born,
Unspent, serene as creation's morn,
My restless spirit, toiling and worn,
In the restful might of thy being inclose.

O Thou, the All-worker, work in me
Thy patience, purity, power, and peace!
O clear my vision thy purpose to see,
Work in me and through me, that I in thee
May rest and work, with eternal increase.

LIFE'S SUNSET

I watch the sunset climb yon eastern hill,—
Its flag of flame o'er fields and woods unfurled,—
Brightening, then fading momentarily, until
With rosy flash it leaps above the world;
Yet where those kindling clouds lie banked and
curled
Still, stair by stair, ascend the ruddy rays,
Till heights on heights of glory heaped and hurled
Fill heaven with ragged mountains all ablaze.

If such the sunset of my life may be
I shall not dread Earth's huge, black shade below:—
A leap from darkness to infinity
Of light! from gloom to heaven's celestial glow!
Trustful I'll step from time's dim, twilight shore,
And ride wi' the sun, in light for evermore!

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